

THE GRAPHIC

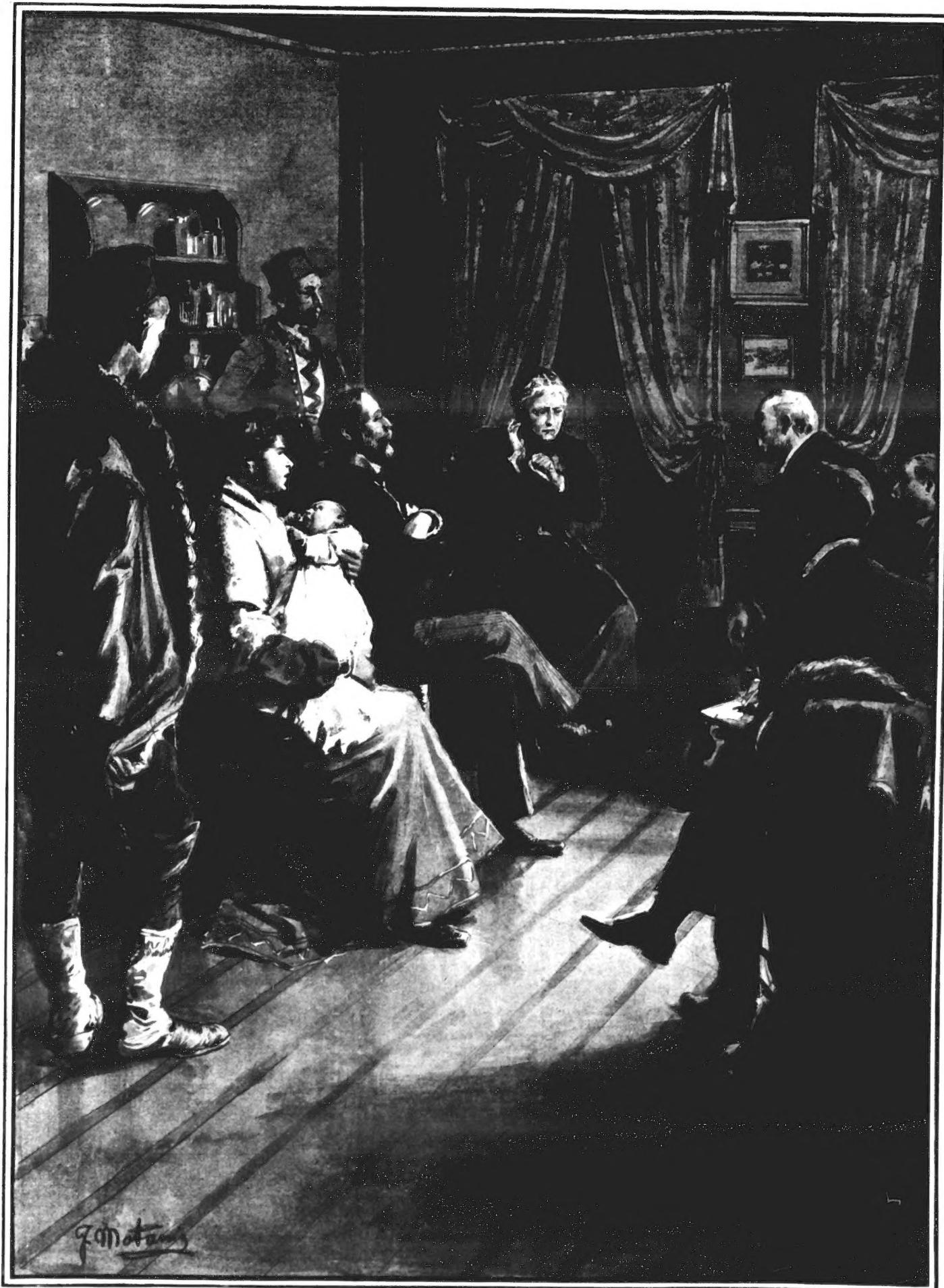
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"Lady Smith"

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DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

After their ransom had been paid, Miss Stone and Madame Tsilka-Ligord were conducted to the house of M. Kimoff, the Protestant pastor at Strumnitz, where the American search party found them. The pastor announced the arrival of the rescuers to the ladies, who, writes our special artist, "in a few minutes entered the room. They greeted their ransomers with some

emotion, and after mutual congratulations Madame Tsilka-Ligord's baby was brought in, followed by the Albanian who had found the little party on the mountain at Gradachor. This man indicated to me that he had a peculiar claim on the baby (whom he had carried in his arms) by wetting his finger with his tongue and then touching the child on the forehead."

THE RANSOMED LADY MISSIONARIES: THE MEETING OF RESCUERS AND RESCUED AT STRUMNITZA

Topics of the Week

The Pope LAST Monday it was twenty-four years since the Pope, Leo XIII., was crowned in the Sistine Chapel. He was then already within two years of the Psalmist's limit of age, and there were not wanting gossips in and out of the Vatican who concluded from this fact that the Conclave had played for a short Pontificate. Malicious though the story seems, it is not improbable. The state of crisis in which Pius IX. left the Holy See required more reflection than the Conclave could give it. The temporal power was gone, and the prestige it had lent to the Papacy was not adequately supported by its spiritual authority. The moral influence of the Church was at a lower ebb than it had ever been before. Diplomatic relations had ceased with almost all the Powers. If the enemies of the Papacy were violent its friends were not less apathetic. Discord and discouragement were rampant among the faithful everywhere, and the hierarchy itself was distracted and almost impotent. Pius IX. had done nothing to reconstruct the authority of the Papacy. His declining years were spent in vain regrets and protests, and he left to his successor the task of building up anew the throne of St. Peter. Obviously, when the Conclave elected Cardinal Pecci in his sixty-eighth year, it was not with the idea that he would or could take the task of reconstruction resolutely in hand, much less that he would succeed in accomplishing it. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since then, and Leo XIII., now in his ninety-third year, is still securely seated in the chair of St. Peter, ruling a Church more powerful and more united than any Pope throughout the proud history of the Roman Catholic Church. Small wonder, then, that the Jubilee celebrations last Monday were a signal for enthusiasm wherever the faithful congregate. Leo XIII. has, indeed, deserved well of his flock. He has ruled the Church with a statesmanlike wisdom for which it is difficult to find a parallel. He has accomplished the work of reconstruction which the Conclave of 1878 seemed to despair of, and what is most wonderful is, that he has accomplished it by a policy which no one would have dreamt of associating with a septuagenarian Cardinal. Leo XIII. has been essentially a modern Pope. He has laboured to adapt the Papacy to modern conditions. He has set himself not to put back the clock of progress, but to hurry on ahead of it. In a democratic epoch he has sought the widest popular basis for the restored authority of the Papacy and he has found it. His reign will ever be remembered for the great parliamentary organisation of Roman Catholicism in almost every country in Europe, for the triumphant issue of his struggle with the Kulturkampf, for the far-seeing wisdom with which he helped to consolidate the Third Republic in France, for the boldness with which he recognised the Social Democratic movement and sought to identify the Church with its best impulses, and, finally, for the great extension he has given to the episcopal authority of the Church and the energy with which he has supported and multiplied its foreign missions. Leo XIII. has restored to the Church a far greater and richer patrimony than the temporal estate which his predecessor lost for it.

Lord Kitchener's Balance Sheet WHATEVER the fighting strength of the Boers may be, the virtual "ruling out" of De Wet's famous commando cannot fail to be an irreparable loss. By all accounts, the magnetic attraction of his personality had drawn to his force all the best materials in the Orange River Colony which remained free. This thoroughly organised and most effective body now vanishes, except in fragmentary form, while demoralisation is more than suggested by the extraordinarily small number of casualties in the attacking Britishers. There was none of that heroic resistance which the enemy always displayed earlier in the campaign; to cite no other instance, it is a matter of history how Cronje and his devoted band held out at Paardeberg against largely superior numbers, when retreat was cut off. On the present occasion, submission to the inevitable came almost at once, and Lord Kitchener made the largest capture since Commandant Prinsloo surrendered. De Wet may, it is true, still give some trouble before he is caught; as slippery as an eel, he always takes good care to provide for his own escape as soon as defeat becomes certain. He is not much to blame for that, knowing as he does that his capture would give an almost fatal blow to the cause for which he fights so strenuously. But irreconcilable as he is, he must see what it means when hundreds of brave men, full of devotion to himself, prefer captivity to further campaigning. It may hearten him a little to hear of the disaster to the British troops near Klerksdorp. The details of that untoward engagement yet to hand are so scanty and so confused that public judgment as to who was

responsible must be postponed. Many of the circumstances appear to correspond very closely with those of the Bronker's Spruit engagement, in December, 1880, just at the beginning of the first Boer War. Then, as now, a long convoy under escort was unexpectedly beset by a large body of hidden Boers, and after brave Colonel Anstruther had been shot dead, the wing of the 4th Regiment, which formed the escort, had to surrender. Soldiers when performing that duty have to be spread out so as to afford protection to the front, rear, and flanks of the convoy, and the longer it is, the more the troops in charge are scattered. It is a serious question, therefore, whether some safer formation for escort duty might not be advantageously introduced.

Egypt's Financial Strength IT seems almost incredible, in presence of the present robust financial condition of Egypt, that when British control first came into being, the Cairo Treasury was literally bankrupt. Expenditure largely exceeded revenue every year, while the credit of the Government had fallen so low that the Seven per Cents stood far below par. There was ruin everywhere, while the fellahs were not only crushed by taxation, but had to furnish forced labour to eke out the terrible exigencies of the insolvent State. Wholly different is the present situation in Nilesland. The closed accounts for last year show a handsome surplus, although debited with heavy sums for the Sinking Fund, the Economies Fund, and the General Reserve Fund. Forced labour came to an end long ago; almost every year brings with it some fresh diminution of taxation; all accounts agree in representing the fellahs in a more prosperous condition than at any previous period; barren lands have been brought under cultivation by irrigation works; the population and the revenue grow continuously. At the same time, the vast territory stretching from Wady Halfa almost to the Equator is recovered, and bids fair to become a valuable possession at no remote date. All this, and much more, including the formation of a really efficient Army and the purification of Courts of Justice, stands to the exclusive credit of British guidance and control.

The Court

KING EDWARD'S duties kept him in town for the end of last week instead of His Majesty enjoying a short holiday at Sandringham, as originally intended. The King was very busy with Coronation arrangements, having a long consultation on Saturday with the Earl Marshal, Viscount Esher, the Bishop of Winchester, and other officials; but he also found time to go over to St. James's Palace to hear the Welsh Choir, invited by the Prince and Princess of Wales to give a concert on St. David's Day. The concert was given in the Great Banqueting Hall, and began with "God Bless the Prince of Wales," in Welsh, the National Anthem, sung first in Welsh and then in English, concluding the performance. King Edward and the Prince and Princess warmly complimented the conductor and secretary of the choir, while the Welshmen were particularly gratified at the Prince and Princess wearing leeks in honour of the day. Next morning the King attended Divine Service at the Marlborough House Chapel and lunched with Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, while most evenings His Majesty has dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at York House. The Queen and Princess Victoria came up from Sandringham on Wednesday to join the King, and Thursday was a very full day, with the Privy Council and the second Levee.

The West of England this week greets the King and Queen for the first time since their accession. Dartmouth and Devonport have been in a fever of preparation for the Royal arrival yesterday (Friday), when a "record" run was expected to bring the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, in good time to lay the foundation stone of the new Naval Training College, which is to supersede the old training ship *Britannia*. On leaving Dartmouth the Royal party travel to Devonport to spend the night on board the *Victoria and Albert* in harbour. To-day (Saturday) their programme opens by the King and Queen going to the Royal Naval Barracks for His Majesty to present the China Medals of 1900 to the officers who served with the Peking Relief Force. Next their Majesties and the Princess visit the Royal Naval Engineering College, and as soon as the tide serves they are due at the Dockyard for Queen Alexandra to launch the battleship *Queen*, and the King to lay the first plate of the battleship *King Edward VII*. Immediately afterwards the Royal party return direct to town.

For the first time since the days of William IV.—over sixty years ago—an English Sovereign has seen his horse carry his colours to the winning post. Nothing could have been more popular than King Edward's victory with Ambush II. in the Stand Steeplechase at Kempton Park, especially as the King himself witnessed the success. His visit was kept very quiet, and though His Majesty went into the paddock before the race to see his horse, he did not leave the Royal Stand afterwards till his final departure. The King showed his further interest in horse-breeding by a visit to the Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall.

The provinces are having their full share of Royal patronage, for the Prince and Princess of Wales have been in Somersetshire this week. They went down on Monday to stay with the Duke and

Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton, and thence travelled to Avonmouth for the Prince to cut the first sod of the new dock. Bristol gave them a luncheon and a hearty welcome on their way, but the visit was very short, as the Prince had to get back to town to attend the King's Levee on Thursday. His next engagement is to Manchester to open the new Whitworth Hall. When the Prince and Princess visit Wales for the Prince's installation as Chancellor of the Welsh University, they will stay at Vaynor Park with Mr. Duff-Asheton Smith. The Prince and Princess will go thence to Carnarvon Castle for the installation, and later to Bangor to inspect the North Wales University College and attend a banquet.

An Artistic Cauſerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

IT is strange that the uncovering of Mr. Brock's beautiful memorial to Lord Leighton in St. Paul's Cathedral should have evoked the inquiry, many times repeated, "Why is there no memorial to Millais?" Simply, ladies and gentlemen, because you do not interest yourself in the matter. The memorial has been about for a couple of years; and many months ago I saw the model for it in the studio of Mr. Brock. It is a standing statue, which is to be erected in the grounds of the Tate Gallery, wherein so many of the painter's best works are enshrined. A little more interest on the part of the public would soon bring the work to a finality.

The prodigious sum paid the other day for a picture by Troyon suggests reflection. In the first place, the only example of the master we have is the little picture in the Wallace Collection. He is not represented in the National Gallery, not because he is not appreciated, but because of the inflated prices of his best works. It is felt that the money could be better spent upon pictures by older masters so scarce that they are either ill-represented or not at all in our Gallery; because old masters are being rapidly absorbed by the public museums, while the works of men like Troyon are still for the most part in the hands of private collectors and of dealers. And as yet no connoisseurs have taken occasion to show their patronage and their admiration of the master by presenting examples to the nation. Come they will, most assuredly. If one would see how many Troyons flood the land he need but refer to M. Soulie's great volume of Troyon sales, in which nearly a thousand works are catalogued by the expert. There are repetitions in it, but not very many.

The vogue in works of art is usually productive of exhibitions exactly suited to the tastes of collectors. Nowhere is the fashion followed with better taste, or indeed with better justification, than at Messrs. Colnaghi's gallery. From their wonderful portfolios there is a never-ending flow of beautiful prints—always the very prints which are the passion of the hour. At the present time the collection brought together is a gathering of fifty plates by Valentine Green, almost without exception proofs and in the "first state." Green, the engraver in mezzotint of so many of Sir Joshua Reynolds's finest works (including Lady Betty Delmé, the Duchess of Rutland, and Lady Salisbury), could scrape a plate as exquisitely as any man who brought this art to perfection; his delicacy is as fine as his strength, and he could turn with equal facility from Sir Joshua to Benjamin West and to Lemuel Abbott—whose fame he did so much to perpetuate. This is a print-lover's exhibition *par excellence*, and should not be missed.

From the mezzotints of Green to the etchings of Anders Zorn is a transition from the old to the new almost startling in its character. The English translator-engraver, scraping a plate, not without fire, but with extreme deliberation, and with profound reverence for his model and for nothing beyond, is a strangely plegmatic figure beside the dashing Swedish etcher and his brilliant line—the line that renders character with the decision and the keenness of Renouard, and reproduces female elegance and solves the problems of light and shade with an ease that is delightful to every beholder. At Mr. Gutekunst's little gallery in King Street we have etchings old and new; but there is no limit of the universality of Zorn's talent, for he is an aquarellist, a portrait-painter, and a carver. Mr. Zorn is known to us chiefly by his plates of "Renan" and "The Toast in the Idyl"—and by his scorn of England as an artistic, or rather inartistic, country. In this exhibition he will be seen and appreciated—none the less for his severe criticism of his admirers.

Those who have had the good fortune to attend the series of lectures on Sculpture which Mr. Alfred Gilbert has been delivering to the students of the Royal Academy, and to a number of favoured outsiders, have recognised the vigour of mind and the powerful personality of the popular sculptor. His utterances sometimes seem a little cryptic at first hearing, but their true bearing is soon apparent in the thread of the argument. There is no technical instruction in them—that is provided in the schools themselves. Suggestive as they are, the lectures have the effect of driving students to read and to study; of impressing upon them the necessity of "willed design" and scorn of that "accident" which is so generally welcomed by flabby decorative artists of to-day; and of drumming into them the truth that the sculptor's is no longer a money-making profession, and that they who follow it must be prepared to sacrifice their lives, humbly, to their art.

This Week's
GOLDEN PENNY
Contains an Interesting Interview with
AN ENGLISHMAN WHO SERVED WITH THE BOERS.
Giving his Experiences as a Prisoner of War, and his Opinion of the Boers and their Leaders.



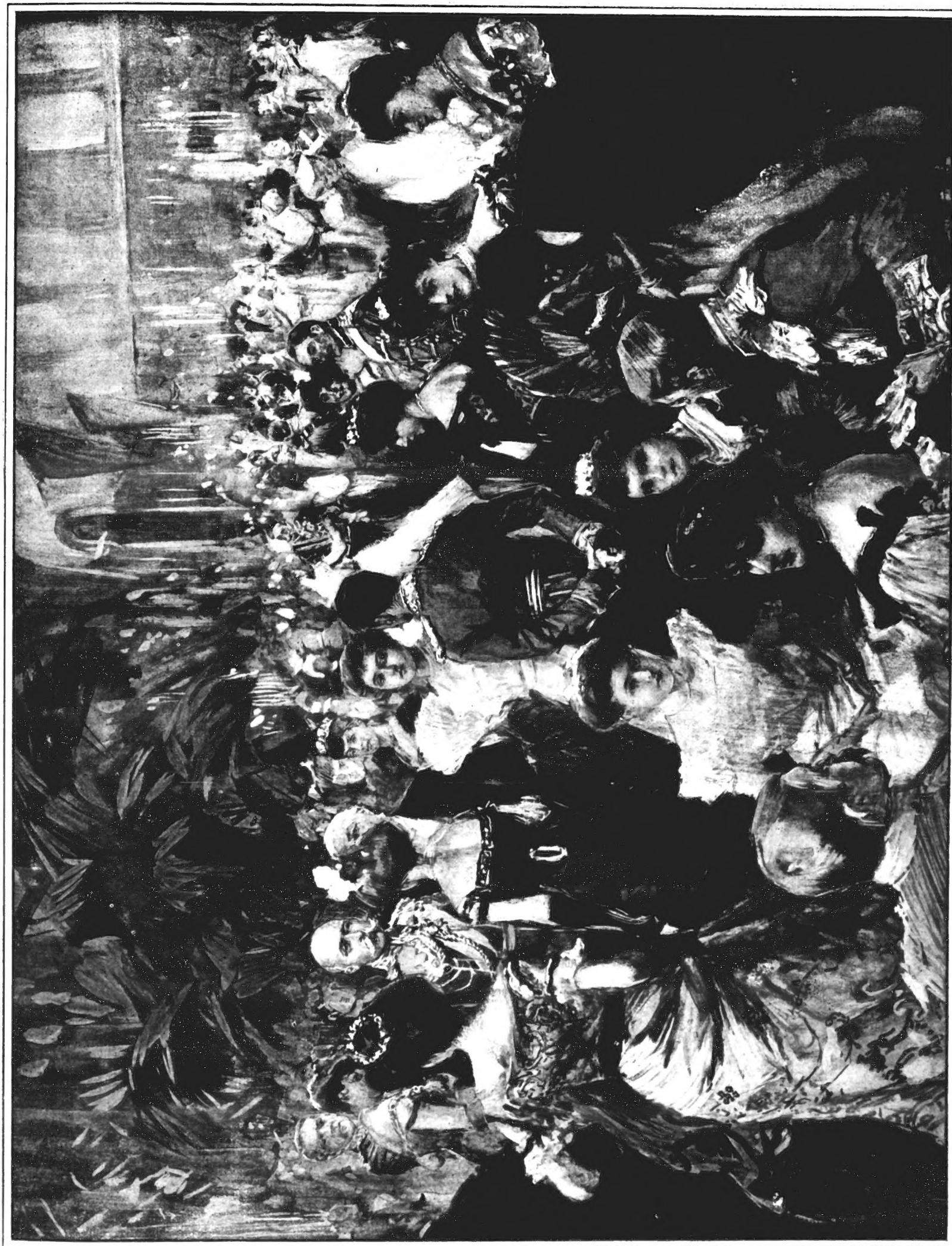
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

The chief feature of the great carnival ball given by the Governor, Sir Francis Grenfell, was the minuet, which was danced by twelve officers and twelve ladies in the costume of Charles II.'s reign. On the dais at the head of the room were the Governor, Admiral Sir John Fisher and Prince and

Princess Louis of Battenberg. There were about a thousand guests, all of them either in fancy dress or levee uniform.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. D. COLLISON-MORLEY

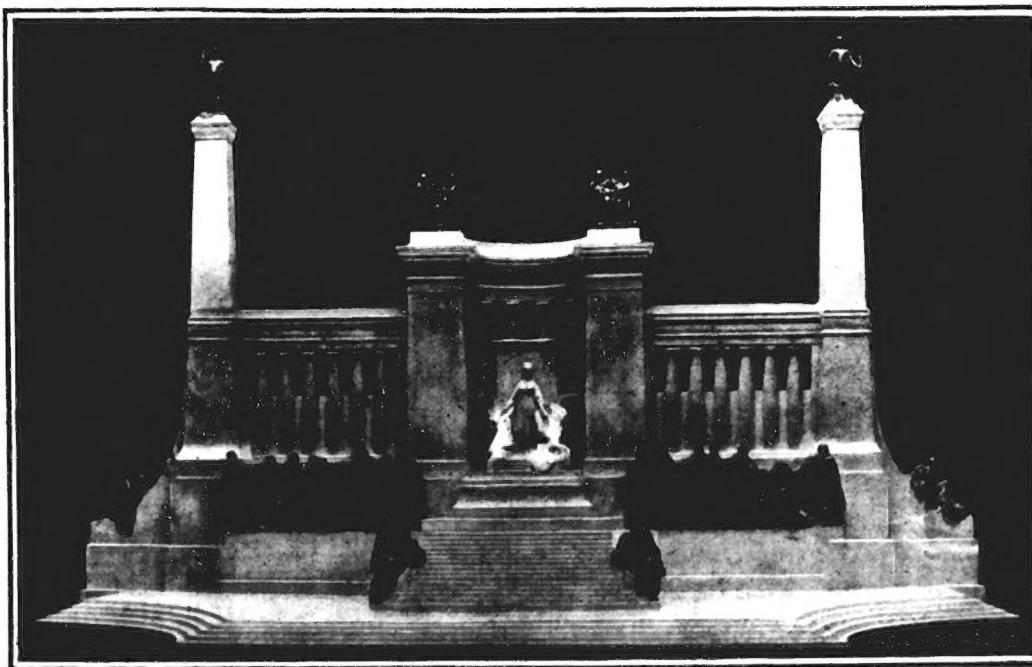
THE CARNIVAL BALL AT THE PALACE, MALTA: THE MINUET



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. C. MILLS

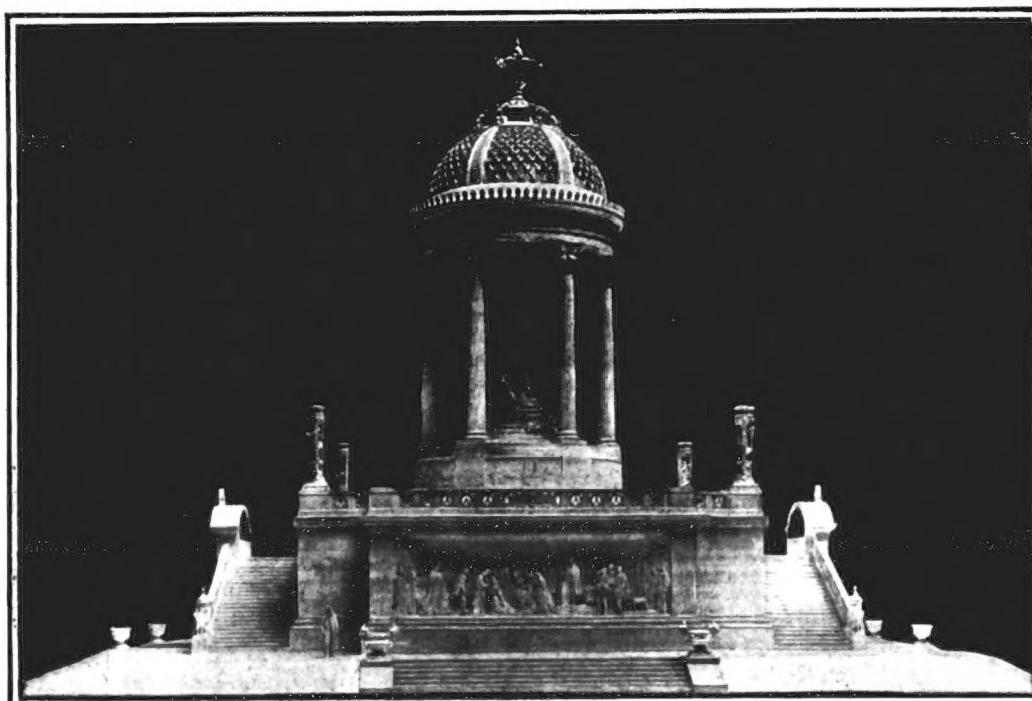
The first ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught was one of the most brilliant which has taken place in Ireland. The general attendance was very large. The Great Hall, in which the dancing was held, was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the various other apartments thrown open for the event were also most artistically draped. The music was supplied by the band of the 21st Lancers

THE BALL GIVEN BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM



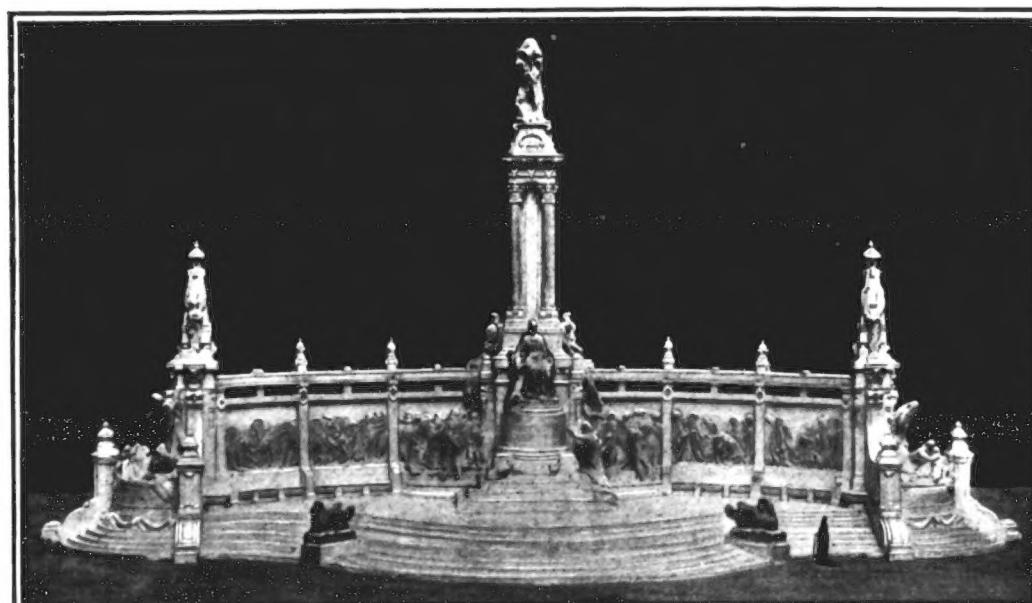
The Empress is shown in the act of stepping down from the throne to meet her people, who are gathered together to pay her homage

THE DESIGN OF THE SCULPTOR ZALA AND THE ARCHITECTS BALINT AND JAMBOR



In this design the statue of the Empress is placed under a richly ornamented dome. A figure hands her an olive branch and leads her down from the throne to her people

THE DESIGN OF THE SCULPTOR STROBL AND THE ARCHITECT GERSTER



The Empress is here represented seated on a high pedestal, and at its base and in the bas-reliefs on either side her people are shown crowding round her. Behind her rises a column, on the top of which three figures bear the Crown

THE DESIGN OF THE SCULPTOR TELOS AND THE ARCHITECT TORY

THE PRIZE-WINNING DESIGNS FOR THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH MEMORIAL IN BUDAPEST

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE."

THE Prince and the Princess of Wales have settled down to the new life, which their altered position makes it advisable for them to lead, without any apparent effort. Their determination to perform the many, and occasionally irksome, duties which it is now expected that the Heir Apparent and his Princess should undertake, and to perform them willingly and with grace, is so obvious that they have greatly and generally added to their popularity. The Princess has since her early youth been trained for such a life in the best school, for her mother, the late Princess Mary, never spared herself when duty required even the greatest exertion or inconvenience. It is generally foreseen that Marlborough House, under the influence of the Prince and Princess, will be the centre of the philanthropic work of the community.

The approaching retirement of Lord Salisbury seems to have a disturbing effect on politicians at Westminster, and might lead, through mismanagement, to a rearrangement of Parties. For the moment the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists form, to all intents and purposes, one Party; but the succession to the Premiership might possibly cause such a widening to occur between them that they would soon be two. It seems to be thought possible that Mr. Arthur Balfour might accept a peerage, and as Premier lead the Coalition in the House of Lords. This would enable Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to become Leader in the Commons. Mr. Balfour would, undoubtedly, be missed in the Lower House, for he is an eminently polished and courteous politician, and is exceptionally popular.

Two or three years ago the writer suggested in this column that a commission should be appointed to inquire into the cause and effects of influenza. For close on a generation the influenza disappeared, and there must have been (a) a reason for its disappearance, and (b) a reason for its re-appearance. Surely science might make a special effort to discover the whys and wherefores of both, seeing that the influenza now kills, directly and indirectly, a vast number of people every year, and that its consequences ruin as many.

Why, too, should not an effort be made to discover the cause, or causes, of the outbreak of smallpox which prevails in London, and has spread even across the Atlantic? There are some who maintain that the wholesale demolishing of very old houses in London—for the purpose of opening new thoroughfares—and the disturbance of ground saturated with the germs of ages—in order to rebuild—may have originated the outbreak. Be this as it may, it is worth while appointing a commission of experts, for they might hit upon the cause or causes of the outbreak, and be the means of preventing its recurrence.

The Navy is the chief arm of the British Empire, and it is to the Navy that the country is mainly dependent for its safety, as it is, also, most indebted for its glorious achievements. It is thought by many that an Order for the exclusive reward of the Navy should be founded, and the idea has only to be mentioned to find supporters. It would be especially gracious were the King to associate with his Coronation the foundation of the new Order. There are those who have access to sources of information which cannot generally be tapped, who are convinced that His Majesty will distribute a large number of distinctions amongst Naval men at Coronation time; if that is to be, why should not the King adopt the suggestion mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph, for it would greatly facilitate the object he is supposed to have in view?

The London Season of 1902 is to be the Motor-Car Season. It is expected that for every motor-car that ran through Piccadilly a year ago ten will two months hence! Many American and Colonial visitors have decided to bring their motor-carriges with them for Coronation Week, but more important still is it that inventors and improvers of these machines from every part of the world intend to parade their own patents in London at a time when the town will be crowded.

The Empress Elizabeth Memorial

IN connection with the lately approved scheme for the Queen Victoria Memorial, it is interesting to learn what is being done at the present moment towards perpetuating the memory of another Queen and Empress. Very shortly after the tragic death of the Empress Elizabeth, a movement was set on foot in Hungary for erecting a monument to her in Budapest by national subscription, and two years ago it was decided to offer a prize for the best design for a monument in memory of the dead Queen. Under the terms of the competition the architects and sculptors were allowed a period of two years in which to complete their designs, and it was, therefore, only the other day that the result of the competition was made known. After some discussion, the jury stated that in their opinion none of the designs could be accepted in their entirety, and it was, therefore, decided to hold a fresh competition. At the same time a prize of 400*l.* was adjudged to each of the three best designs, namely, those by the sculptor Zala and the architect Balint and Jambor, by the sculptor Strobl and the architect Gerster, and by the sculptor Teles and the architect Tory. Although the result of the competition has caused some disappointment in Hungary, the finding of the jury has met with general approval, for it is pointed out that the funds now in hand exceed so greatly what was anticipated two years ago, that a much more costly monument can now be erected, and, therefore, the designs would have to be recast on a larger scale.

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"A COUNTRY MOUSE"

THE cynical flavour of Mr. Arthur Law's new comedy, entitled *A Country Mouse*, at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre, did not prevent the first-night audience enjoying its sprightly dialogue and its clever character sketches. The author introduces us to a circle of friends and married folk of these days, who make love to each other in a curiously indiscriminate fashion and seem to be hardly more conscious of moral obligation than the personages in a typical comedy of the period of the Restoration. It is decidedly not a pleasing picture of Society, though the spectator's aversion is mitigated by a sense of its unreality, its obvious stage conventionalism—not enough so, however, to make acceptable the aged amorous Duke, played by that excellent actor, Mr. C. W. Somerset, with an artistic sense which, under more favourable conditions, would probably have received a more hearty recognition. But the most potent of the redeeming features of the play was the acting of Miss Annie Hughes in the part of Angela Muir, "the country mouse" of the title. When this paragon of innocent simplicity, fresh from her country home, is first introduced into the gay circle of gossips and intriguers, the spectator is prepared to see heartlessness and frivolity rebuked in favour of rustic ingenuousness; but that would have been to do violence to the spirit of the piece and the ideal of the author. In brief, little by little, the attentive spectator is allowed to mark indications of the fact that the simple-minded Angela is not quite so simple as she appears. Her pretty *naïveté* frequently leave an unmistakable sting behind them, and finally it is perceived that while expressing surprise and abhorrence at what is going on around her, the demure Angela is quite capable of flirting in her artless, unconscious way with the young gentlemen of the circle, while she keeps her eye steadily fixed on the chance of winning such a prize in the matrimonial market as a shamelessly profligate old Peer. When at last the most desperate flirt of the set, Lady Sylvia Fowly, jealous of the attentions shown to Angela by the Hon. Archibald Vyse, hypocritically advises her young *protégé* to avoid the young man's compromising society, and is quietly but effectually snubbed for her pains, the little soliloquy, "To think that Lady Sylvia should give herself away like that!" finally settles the question—if question there has been—of the quality of the country girl's rustic ingenuousness. Of plot there is little; though there is a bustling third act with many doors and even a roof ladder to facilitate escapes from compromising situations; but the sayings and doings of Miss Hughes as the guileless Angela, and the light touch with which the piece is handled throughout by an excellent company, which includes Miss Granville, Miss Vane Featherston, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Mr. G. Du Maurier, and Mr. J. D. Beveridge, furnish abundant entertainment.

"HEARD AT THE TELEPHONE"

OF the two little plays from the French, produced at Wyndham's Theatre on Saturday evening—one only hails from M. Antoine's theatre in Paris; but the other, though brought out at the Théâtre Français with equal success, is in still greater degree a triumph for that persevering innovator, for it shows that his theories have begun to gain a footing in high quarters. M. Antoine, as most people know, is averse to artfully contrived plots and ingenious *devisements*. He is not, it is true, the originator of the reaction against these established conventions of the stage, for that began many years ago, as shown by the steady decline of Scribe's once overshadowing popularity; but he has done much to intensify it, and has sometimes carried it to lengths which all but his most ardent disciples regard as absurd. Did he not produce in London some years ago a little piece called *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien*, in which all that the audience were permitted to hear or see was the mumblings of a court-martial sitting round a table on a more than half-darkened stage, followed by the sound of musketry fire without, supposed to mark the execution of the unfortunate Duke in the fosse at Vincennes? *Au Téléphone*, which was produced the other day at the Théâtre Antoine and is now presented in an English translation at Wyndham's, is not quite so simple-minded as this, but it may be said to be getting on that way. All that is really dramatic in its two scenes is the fact that a husband on a visit to a friend in Paris converses by telephone with his wife whom he had just left at their villa some forty miles away, and learns from her words and agonising cries that burglars have broken into his house and are in the act of making a murderous attack upon the unhappy woman and her little child. In the opening scene we have witnessed the affectionate parting between wife and husband; but this trifling prologue is too slight to awaken interest in the personages; and practically the dramatic power lies in the painful incident of the telephone and the fine acting of Mr. Charles Warner, who, as the husband, depicted the successive shades of horror and helpless despair with a force and variety of expression that moved the audience in a remarkable degree.

"CESAR'S WIFE"

There is more of substance in *Cesar's Wife*—a translation, slightly modified, of M. Paul Hervieu's drama, in two acts, entitled *L'Enigme*, a recent production of the Théâtre Français; but here, also, the dramatic element is confined to a single sensational situation. Two brothers of jealous disposition discover evidence which satisfies them

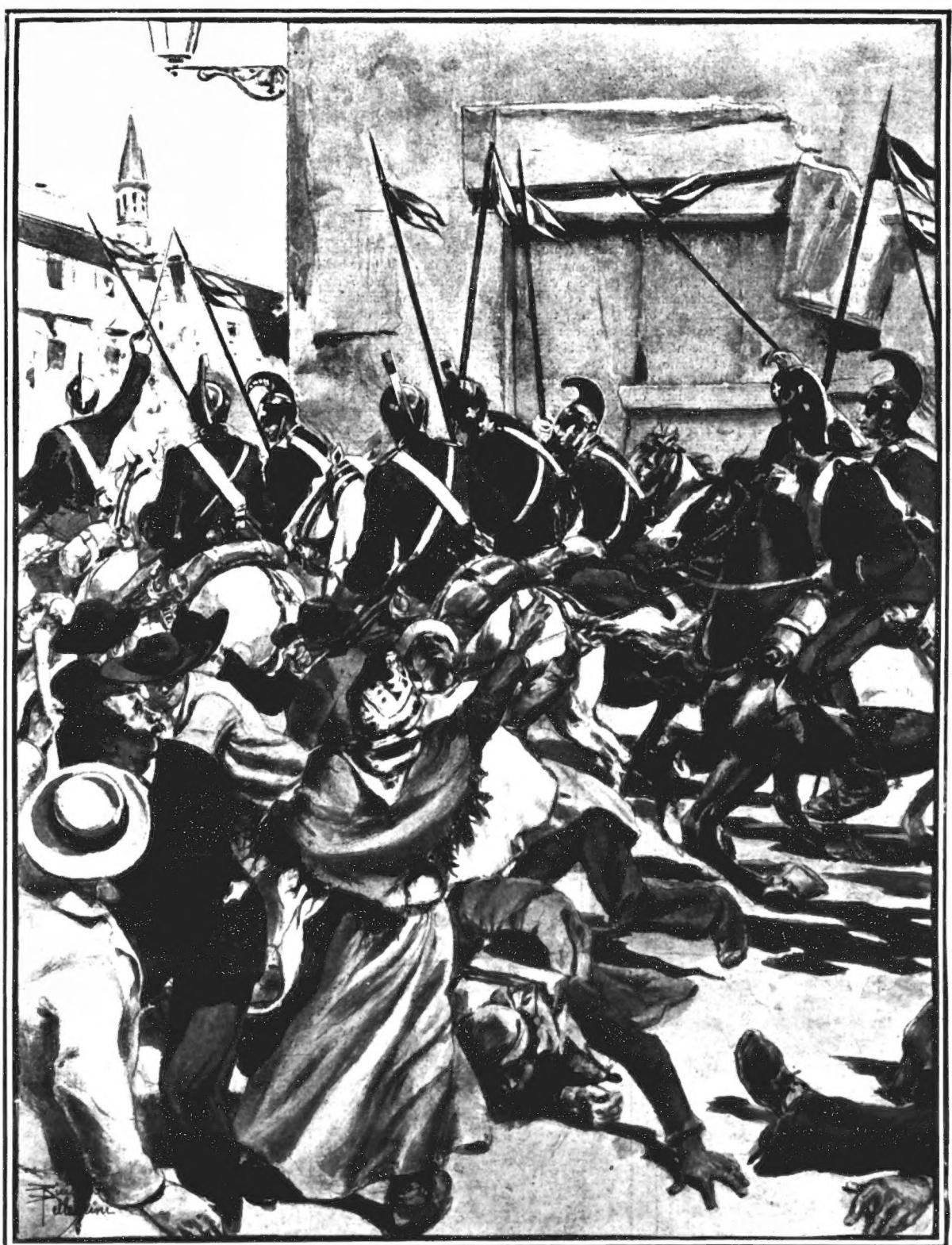
that the wife of one or the other has had an assignation with a lover. A door of the château found open by them in the dead of the night furnishes the first ground of suspicion, and the hesitating denials of their young friend Vivarce, who is suspected, confirm their worst conclusions. But who is the partner of his guilt? The women, Leonore and Giselle, fiercely interrogated, fence with the question, till Vivarce, seizing a gun, rushes out and shoots himself in the garden, and Leonore, in her horror and excitement, utters a confession of her guilt. The part of Leonore was to have been played by Mrs. Tree, but, owing to the unfortunate illness of that lady, it has been transferred to Miss Lena Ashwell. The opportunities which the part afford, however, are too few and too long-delayed to be worthy of the powers of that admirable emotional actress; nor is Miss Fay Davis, as Giselle, more fortunately placed. The moody brothers Raymond and Gerard were impressively played by Mr. Charles Warner and Mr. Fulton respectively. One of the best pieces of acting in the play is that of Mr. Fred Kerr as the peacemaker de Neste.

A criticism of *Paolo and Francesca* will appear next week; in the meantime we publish some notes by Mr. Percy Macquoid on the costumes in the play.

Notes on Some of the Dresses in "Paolo and Francesca"

BY PERCY MACQUOID, R.I.

THE latter part of the thirteenth century is the actual period of the play of *Paolo and Francesca*, written by Mr. Stephen Phillips and produced by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre, but the dress of that time not being quite suitable to stage requirements, this date has been advanced some twenty or thirty years, when the style of costume began to show a distinct alteration to that of the preceding century. In Italy this change was marked by fashions where the long flowing robes and draperies portrayed by Cimabue and Giotto gave way to a style in which the shape of the body was more clearly defined. It is naturally both unwise and inconsiderate to hamper the action of an actor or impede his movements by a too literal adherence to any exceptional form of dress, but on the other hand it is possible to give very valuable realistic and pictorial aid by selecting suitable clothes that are archaeologically correct and that



A general strike was lately proclaimed in Turin. At first only some ten per cent. of the workmen joined the strike, and meetings of the strikers in various parts of the town were easily dispersed by the police. But the movement increased, and the authorities had to call in the aid of the military to keep order and protect property. On several occasions the soldiers have been obliged to charge the rioters. The garrison has since been reinforced, and the authorities are now able to cope with the situation.

THE STRIKE RIOTS IN TURIN: THE CAVALRY CHARGING THE STRIKERS

DRAWN BY PROFESSOR RICCARDO PELLEGRINI



Giovanni (Mr. George Alexander) in Act I.



Giovanni (Mr. George Alexander) in Act IV.



Paolo (Mr. H. Ainley) in Act I.



Paolo (Mr. H. Ainley) in Act II.

would have been worn under the existing circumstances represented in a play. Giovanni Malatesta da Rimini, also surnamed "Il Sciantico," owing to a deformity of the hip, is the character represented by Mr. George Alexander, and actually existed in Italian history. He was the eldest son of Verucchio, the founder of the Malatesta family, and was forty years of age at the time of the tragedy which took place at Rimini, probably in 1285. He was at that time Podesta at Pesaro, which was a most important and responsible position. Podestas were selected from the rich influential neighbouring Condottieri of the highest repute; they were during their term of office supreme political as well as military chief over the district to which they were elected. In his own house at Rimini, Giovanni would have led the life of a rich Condottiere, whose clothes at that period would have been inspired by the luxury of the Byzantine Court, which had for so many years influenced all taste in that part of Europe. His dress in the first act is of blue velvet, embroidered with the Malatesta "M" in sapphires, the skirt is long and loose, but the body of the dress fits tightly to the figure, and is surmounted by a cape that was just then coming into fashion. His dress in the fourth act, the design of which is also given, is composed of a tight surcote of brown velvet, studded with steel, worn over a coat of mail, but the sleeves, as armour, are composed of strips of hardened leather, laced together by thongs, and plates of steel are added at the shoulder and elbow for the protection of those joints. With this dress he wears the kind of helmet known as a Barbute, over which, on going into battle, he might for further protection have put a large fighting heaume which was extremely cumbersome, completely covering the face and head. He carries the short, broad, but pointed sword of the period. Italy at that time, and through the following century,

dictated the laws of fashion and taste in armour to the rest of Europe, Milan being the earliest recognised seat of its manufacture. Paolo, the second son of Verucchio Malatesta, and some years younger than Giovanni, was surnamed "Il Bello," and one of the first commentators of Dante describes him as possessing every dangerous quality attractive to women, and fonder of the diversions of peace than the hardships of war. He was, however, for some years a leader of an armed force in the employ of Florence. His dress in Act I., when he brings Francesca to his brother's house at Rimini, is of the shape termed a Herigaut, of wine-coloured silk, embroidered in gold over a velvet robe of the same colour, the under-sleeves being of cloth of gold; he wears with this a small chaperon of crimson velvet with ruby ornaments. In the following act he wears a cap-à-pie suit of blue steel, composed of chain mail and plate armour, and over this a black and green surcote, embroidered with his cypher and Florentine emblems. These surcotes were invariably worn over armour, not only as a decoration, but also for the purpose of being recognised in battle when the face was covered by the fighting heaume. Francesca was the daughter of Guido di Lamberto da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, a family of older standing than the Malatestas. Her marriage with Giovanni was contracted as a bond of alliance between the two families. Francesca was probably about eighteen at the time of her marriage, and, according to Boccaccio, was celebrated for her beauty. Her marriage dress in Act I. is of white silk, the long, tight-fitting bodice, entirely embroidered in silver and jewels; attached to this are long gauze over-sleeves bordered with crystals and a girdle rope of pearls and diamonds; over this is worn a cloak of white Eastern satin lined with palest green, embroidered with silver eagles

"Employees," the armorial badge of the Polentas, and on her head a short veil, the usual headdress of ceremony of ladies of that time. Her second dress is of pale pink gauze, with bands of rose velvet embroidered with gold and pink coral; the cloak is of deeper rose silk. Her last dress is a close-fitting surcote of crimson silk with silver embroidery over a robe of cramoisie velvet decorated with silver and pearls. The scheme of colour in these dresses ranges from white to the most intense crimson, developing with the action of the play. A most interesting authority for the last colour is that in 1581, during some excavations in the Church of St. Augustine at Rimini, the bodies of Paolo and Francesca were discovered together in a marble tomb, and some remnants of a crimson silk dress embroidered in metal were found on the woman, Boccaccio having stated that the lovers were buried together as they were found. Lucrezia is not an historical personage, but introduced into the play as a kinswoman of Giovanni, and holding an important position in his affections and household. The dress in which she is represented is that of the fourth act, and is of dull red velvet with a border in green velvet and grey pearls. On her head she wears a deep crimson veil with a wreath of green leaves; these wreaths were made of either real or artificial flowers, and were a very favourite form of decoration for both men and women. The sketches given are from eight of the original working designs. They have been taken from the miniatures in Italian manuscripts of the actual period and the few contemporary artists, as Mr. Alexander has wished that all possible accuracy should be maintained throughout in both the dresses and furniture. Much credit is due to both Monsieur and Madame Alias for their great artistic interest, and in having so faithfully and accurately carried out the designs.



Francesca (Miss Millard) in her marriage dress, Act I.



Francesca (Miss Millard) in Act III.

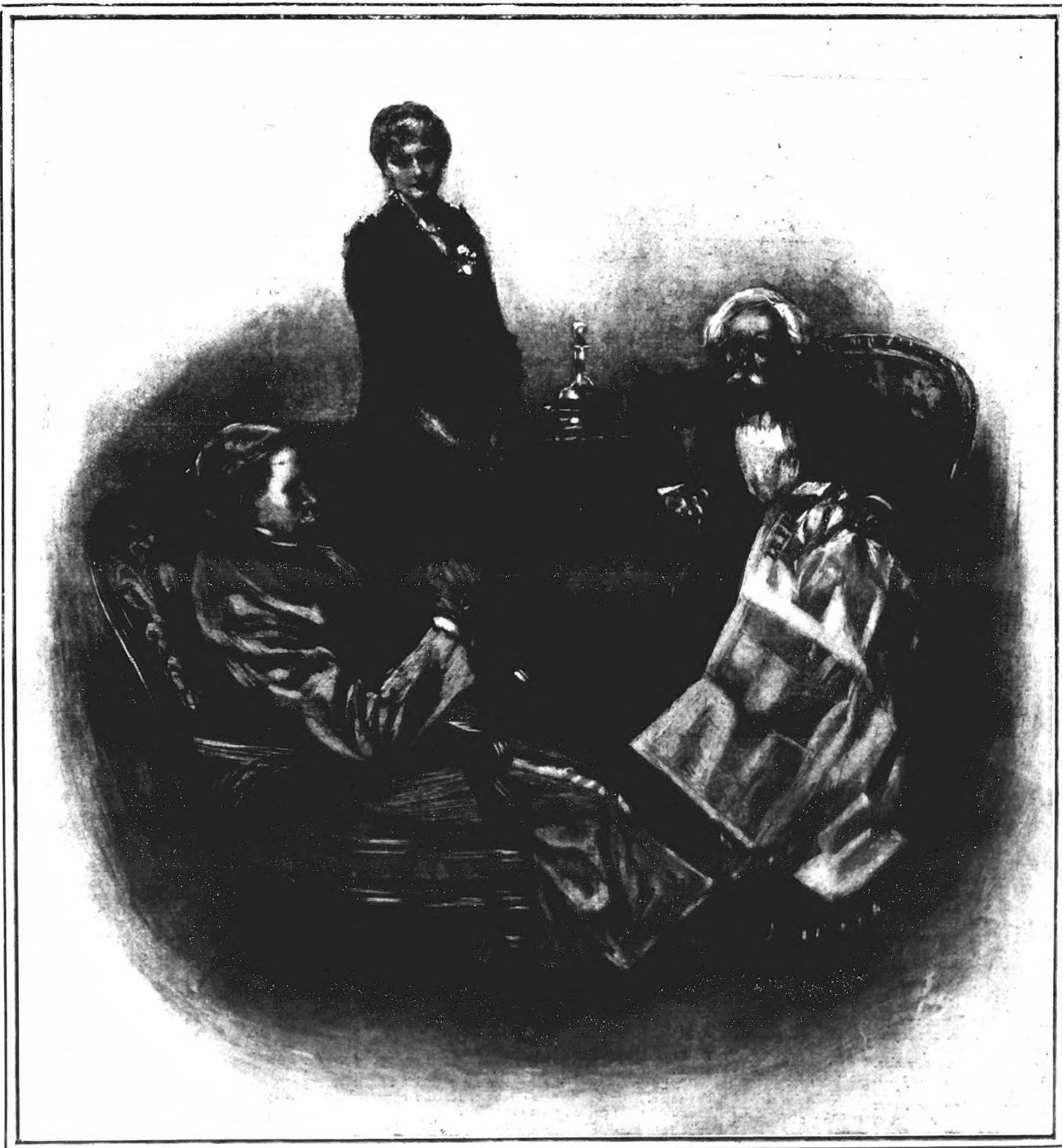


Francesca (Miss Millard) in Act IV.



Lucrezia (Miss Robins) in Act IV.

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA" AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: STUDIES OF THE COSTUMES
DESIGNED BY PERCY MACQUOID, R.R.



"Something has happened," said Wanda, quietly. "Yes," replied Martin, stretching out his slight legs. The Prince laid aside his newspaper, and looked up quickly

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XV.

A TALE HALF-TOLD

This heart soon accustoms itself to that existence which is called living upon a volcano. Prince Bukaty had indeed known no other life, and to such as had daily intercourse with him, he was quite a peaceful and jovial old gentleman. He had brought up his children in the same atmosphere of strife and peril, and it is to be presumed that the fit had survived, while that unfit Princess, his wife, had turned her face to the wall quite soon, not daring to meet the years in which there could be no hope of alleviation.

The Prince's friends were not in Warsaw, many were at the mines. Some lived in Paris; others were exiled to distant parts of Russia. His generation was slowly passing away, and its history is one of the grimdest stories

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untold. Yet he sat in that bare drawing-room of a poor man and read his "Figaro" quite placidly, like any bourgeois in the safety of the suburb, only glancing at the clock from time to time.

"He is late," he said once, as he folded the paper, and that was all.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and Martin had been expected to return to dinner at half-past six. Wanda was working, and she, too, glanced towards the clock at intervals. She was always uneasy about Martin, whose daring was rather of the reckless type, whose genius lay more in leadership than in strategy. As to her father, he had come through the Sixties, and had survived the persecution and the dangers of Wielopolski's day—he could reasonably be expected to take care of himself. With regard to herself, she had no fear. Hers was the woman's lot of watching others in a danger which she could not share.

It was nearly half-past eleven when Martin came in. He was in riding costume, and was covered with dirt. His eyes, rimmed with dust, looked out of a face that was pale beneath the sunburn. He threw himself into a chair with an exclamation of fatigue.

"Had any dinner?" asked his father.

Wanda looked at her brother's face, and changed colour herself. There was a suggestion of the wild rose in Wanda's face, with its delicate, fleeting shades of pink and white, while the slim strength of her limbs and carriage rather added to a characteristic which is essentially English or Polish. For American girls suggest a fuller flower on a firmer stem.

"Something has happened," said Wanda, quietly.

"Yes," replied Martin, stretching out his slight legs. The Prince laid aside his newspaper, and looked up quickly. When his attention was thus roused suddenly his eyes and his whole face were momentarily fierce.

Someone had once said that the history of Poland was written on those deep-lined features.

" Anything wrong? " he asked.

" Nothing that affects affairs, " replied Martin. " Everything is safe."

Which seemed to be catch-words, for Kosmaroff had made use of almost the identical phrases.

" I am quite confident that there is no danger to affairs, " continued Martin, speaking with the haste and vehemence of a man who is anxious to convince himself. " It was a mere mischance, but it gave us all a horrid fright, I can tell you—especially me, for I was doubly interested. Cartoner rode into our midst to-night."

" Cartoner? " repeated the Prince.

" Yes. He rang the bell, and when the door was opened we were expecting someone else—he led his horse into our midst, with a loose shoe.

" Who saw him? " asked the Prince.

" Everyone."

" Kosmaroff? "

" Yes. And if I had not been there it would have been all up with Cartoner. You know what Kosmaroff is. It was a very near thing."

" That would have been a mistake, " said the Prince, reflectively. " It was the mistake they made last time. It has never paid yet to take life in dribs and drabs."

" That is what I told Kosmaroff afterwards, when Cartoner had gone. It was evident that it could only have been an accident. Cartoner could not have known o do a thing like that, he must have known all—or nothing."

" He could not have known all, " said the Prince. " That is an impossibility."

" Then he must have known nothing, " put in Wanda, with a laugh, which at one stroke robbed the matter of much of its importance.

" I do not know how much he perceived when he was in—as to his own danger, I mean—for he has an excellent nerve, and was steady; steadier than I was. But he knows that there was something wrong, " said Martin, wiping the dust from his face with his pocket-handkerchief. His hand shook a little, as if he had ridden hard, or had been badly frightened. " We had a bad half-hour after he left, especially with Kosmaroff. The man is only half-tamed; that is the truth of it."

" That is more to his own danger than to anyone else's, " put in Wanda, again. She spoke lightly, and seemed quite determined to make as little of the incident as possible.

" Then how do matters stand? " inquired the Prince.

" It comes to this, " answered Martin, " that Poland is not big enough to hold both Kosmaroff and Cartoner. Cartoner must go. He must be told to go, or else—"

Wanda had taken up her work again. As she looked at it attentively, the colour slowly faded from her face.

" Or else—what? " she inquired.

Martin shrugged his shoulders.

" Well, Kosmaroff is not a man to stick at trifles."

" You mean, " said Wanda, who would have things plainly, " that he would assassinate him? "

Wanda glanced at her father. She knew that men hard pressed are no sticklers. She knew the story of the last insurrection, and of the wholesale assassination, abetted and encouraged by the anonymous National Government of which the members remain to this day unknown. The Prince made an indifferent gesture of the hand.

" We cannot go into those small matters. We are playing a bigger game than that. It has always been agreed that no individual life must be allowed to stand in the way of success."

" It is upon that principle that Kosmaroff argues, " said Martin, uneasily.

" Precisely; and as I was not present when this happened—as it is, moreover, not my department—I cannot, personally, act in the matter."

" Kosmaroff will obey nobody else."

" Then warn Cartoner, " the Prince said, in a final voice. His had always been the final word. He would say to one, go; and to another, come.

" I cannot do it, " said Martin, looking at Wanda. " You know my position—how I am watched."

" There is only one person in Warsaw who can do it, " said Wanda—" Paul Deulin."

" Deulin could do it, " said the Prince, thoughtfully. " But I never talk to Deulin of these matters. Politics are a forbidden subject between us."

" Then I will go and see Monsieur Deulin the first thing to-morrow morning, " said Wanda, quietly.

" You? " asked her father. And Martin looked at her in silent surprise. The old Prince's eyes flashed suddenly.

" Remember, " he said, " that you run the risk of making people talk of you. They may talk of us—of Martin and me—the world has talked of the Bukatys for some centuries—but never of their women."

" They will not talk of me, " returned Wanda, composedly. " I will see to that. A word to Mr. Cartoner will be enough. I understood him to say that he was not going to stay long in Warsaw."

The Prince had acquired the habit of leaving many things to Wanda. He knew that she was wiser than Martin, and in some ways more capable.

" Well, " he said, rising. " I take no hand in it. It is very late. Let us go to bed."

He paused half way towards the door.

" There is one thing, " he said, " which we should be wise to recollect that whatever Cartoner may know or may not know will go no farther. He is a diplomatist. It is his business to know everything and to say nothing."

" Then, by Heaven, he knows his business, " cried Martin, with his reckless laugh.

There are three entrances to the Hotel de l'Europe, two beneath the great archway on the Faubourg, where Hermann was assassinated—where the people carried in the bodies of those historic five, whose mutilated corpses were photographed and hawked all through Eastern Europe. The third is a side-door, used more generally by habitués of the restaurant. It was to this third door that Wanda drove the next morning. She knew the porter there. He was in those days a man with a history, and Wanda was not ignorant of it.

" Miss Cahero—the American lady? " she said. And the porter gave her the number of Netty's room. He was too busy a man to offer to escort her thither.

Wanda mounted the stairs along the huge corridor. She passed Netty's room, and ascended to the second story. All fell out as she had wished. At the head of the second staircase there is a little glass-partitioned room, where the servants sit when they are unemployed. In this room, reading a French newspaper, she found Paul Deulin's servant, a well-trained person. And a well-trained French servant is the best servant in the world. He took it for granted that Wanda had come to see his master, and led the way to the spacious drawing-room occupied by Deulin, who always travelled en Prince.

" I am given for my expenses more money than I can spend, " he said, in defence of his extravagant habits, " and the only people to whom I want to give it are those who will not accept it."

Deulin was not in the room, but he came in almost as soon as Wanda had found a chair. She was looking at a book, and did not catch the flush of surprise in his eyes.

" Did Jean show you in? " he said.

" Yes."

" That is all right. He will keep everybody else out. And he will lie. It would not do, you know, for you to be talked about. We all have enemies, Wanda. Even plain people have enemies."

Wanda waited for him to ask her why she had come.

" Yes, " he said, glancing at her and drawing a chair up to the table near which she was sitting. " Yes! What is the matter? "

" An unfortunate incident, " answered Wanda, " that is all."

" Good. Life is an unfortunate incident if we come to that. I hope I predicted it. It is so consoling to have predicted misfortune when it comes. Your father? "

" No."

" Martin? "

" No."

" Cartoner, " said Deulin, dropping his voice half a dozen tones, and leaning both elbows on the table in a final way, which dispensed with the necessity of reply.

" Allons. What has Cartoner been doing? "

" He has found out something."

" Oh, la! la! " exclaimed Deulin, in a whisper—giving voice to that exclamation which, as the cultured reader knows, French people reserve for a really serious mishap. " I should have thought he knew better."

" And I cannot tell you what it is."

" And I cannot guess. I never find out things, and know nothing. An ignorant Frenchman, you know, ignores more than any other man."

" It came to Martin's knowledge, " explained Wanda, looking at him across the table, with frank eyes. But Deulin did not meet her eyes. " Look a man in the eyes when you tell him a lie, " Deulin had once said to Cartoner, " but not a woman."

" It came to Martin's knowledge by chance, and he says that— " Wanda paused, drew in her lips, and looked round the room in an odd, hurried way—" that it is not safe for Mr. Cartoner to remain any longer in Warsaw, or even in Poland. Mr. Cartoner was very kind to us in London. We all like him. Martin cannot, of course, say anything to him. My father won't—"

Deulin was playing a gay little air with his fingers on the table. His touch was staccato, and he appeared to be taking some pride in his execution.

" Years ago, " he said, after a pause, " I once took it upon myself to advise Cartoner. He was quite a young man. He listened to my advice with exemplary patience, and then acted in direct contradiction to it, and never explained. He is shockingly bad at explanation. And he was right, and I was wrong."

He finished his gay little air with an imaginary chord, played with both hands.

" Voila! " he said. " I can do nothing, fair Princess."

" But surely you will not stand idle and watch a man throw away his life, " said Wanda, looking at him in surprise.

He raised his eyes to hers for a moment, and they were startlingly serious. They were dark eyes, beneath grey lashes. The whole man was neat and grey and—shallow, as some thought.

" My dear Wanda, " he said. " For forty years and more, I have watched men—and women—do worse than throw their lives away. And it has quite ceased to affect my appetite."

Wanda rose from her chair, and Deulin's face changed again. He shot a sidelong glance at her and bit his lip. His eyes were keen enough now.

" Listen! " he said, as he followed her to the door. " I will give him a little hint—the merest ghost of a hint—will that do? "

" Thank you, " said Wanda, going more slowly towards the door.

" Though I do not know why we should, any of us, trouble about this Englishman."

Wanda quickened her pace a little, and made no answer.

" There are reasons why I should not accompany you, " said Deulin, opening the door. " Try the right-hand staircase, and the other way round."

He closed the door behind her, and stood looking at the chair which Wanda had just vacated.

" Only the third woman who knows what she wants, " he said, " and yet I have known thousands—thousands."

(To be continued)

The Bystander

"Stand by." CAPTAIN CUTTIE

BY L. ASHBY-STERRY

NOT long ago I was lamenting in this column, when speaking of the seriousness and absence of humour in the London street-boy, of to day, that the town had long been without a popular street saying, and also without a popular street song. Years ago it was very different; we were never for long without one or the other. Though the street song changed frequently, and some became more popular than others, we were rarely without it. Now we do not seem at have it at all. Is it due to the gravity of the age or the absence of humour—which not only characterises the literature and art of the day but is apparent in the most careless and good-for-nothing *gamin* of the metropolis? This has something to do with it, I'll be bound. But, possibly, a more important reason is the absence of street organs. I have noticed this for some time past, and have greatly missed the grinders that used to come and play popular airs beneath my windows. I learn from the *Daily Express* that this is no mere fancy on my part. It informs us that one of the principal men in the organ-letting interest considers the trade is well-nigh at an end, and that many of the grinders have given up the business in favour of other forms of employment. This, then, doubtless, accounts for the absence of popular airs in the street. They were translated from the opera, the theatre, and the music-hall to the organ, whence they were caught up by the ubiquitous boy and howled and whistled throughout the whole of London. I confess myself inexpressibly grieved at the disestablishment of the organ, for I scarcely see how I shall be able to acquire accuracy in music-hall songs without it. In some parts of London it will be terribly missed. I recollect once seeing an organ playing lively airs in a little street off the Borough Road, and apparently the whole of the inhabitants had turned out, were dancing deliriously and evidently enjoying themselves very much indeed.

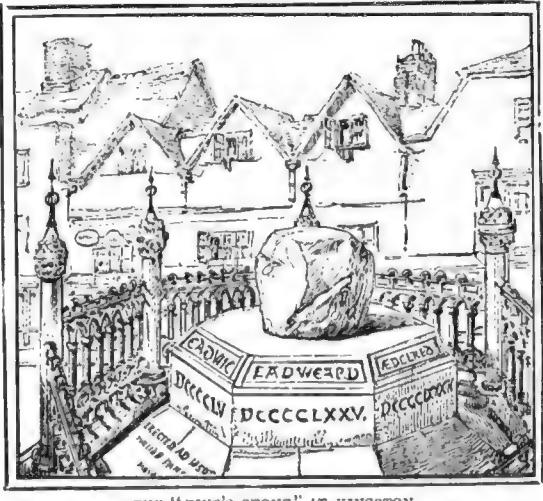
Why is there not a law to the effect that when people make buildings or alterations abutting on the public street, to the prejudice of the public pathway, that the aforesaid operations should be completed within a specified time? These private builders seem to have no consideration for the public whatever. I happen to know of a case in point which is a notable instance of the way in which the comfort of the public is altogether ignored. As far as I can see the house has been finished for a couple of months and all the workmen have departed. And yet that irritating hoarding which takes up the greater part of the footway is unremoved. The pavement itself still remains in a disgraceful state. It is part badly laid wood, part broken flagstones, and the rest dangerous muddy holes and pools of water. I pass by the place every day, and am accurately cognisant of its disadvantages. I have spoiled three pairs of shoes, nearly broken my ankle twice, and have been continually being muddled. And yet, as far as I can see, this state of things is likely to exist for the next three months.

Complaints have often been made, and have recently been reiterated, with regard to the want of space for fully displaying the Turner drawings and other pictorial treasures in the National Gallery. It seems to me this might be remedied by adopting the plan that I have before advocated of installing galleries in front of the present building. Should the proposed galleries be constructed underground, or even partly underground, they would in nowise interfere with the architecture behind them. I calculate roughly that, if my idea were carried out, you would get two fine galleries, one on either side of the portico, and each about 180ft. by 30ft. There would be no difficulty about lighting them, as the whole of the roof could be of glass, if necessary. I should be sorry to disestablish the Bystander Lawns, whose grateful greenery all the year round is so pleasant to the eye, but such a project for adding to the wall space of our over-crowded gallery is well worth serious consideration.

Those who are continually up and down the valley of the Upper Thames hardly realise how completely it has changed during the last twenty years. I have been convinced of the fact by seeing recently a number of sketches by the late T. J. Soper, which had the true Thames flavour of long ago, and were evidently painted on the spot and subsequently untouched. Some of these were produced five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, and show what a delightful retreat the river must have been in those days. One in particular I noted. It was a view from Streatham Hill. You could see the two quaint little villages of Streatham and Goring, connected by the picturesque white bridge, but the site of the mass of modern villas which now extends far in the direction of Cleeve is occupied by countless trees, bushes and pleasant pastures. It indeed emphasizes the change that has taken place in these parts. Possibly the day may come when we shall see Streatham Hill demurely terraced and dotted with stuck-up stucco impertinences to serve as summer residences, and the river may become a long water street edged with houses from Richmond to Oxford. When the babies of to-day grow up they will probably wonder why people made such a fuss about the beauty of the Thames, and why Mortimer Collins and other poets sang so enthusiastically about it, and it will be only when they see sketches like those alluded to above, or the paintings by C. J. Lewis, Keeley Halswell and Vicat Cole that they will believe what a beautiful place it was once on a time.

The Millennial Coronation Stone

THE proposal to celebrate next May the thousandth anniversary of the Coronation of Edward the Elder at Kingston, and the King's letter to the Mayor on the subject, has once more drawn attention to the venerable relic, associated with the crowning of many of the Saxon Kings, which is so carefully preserved at that Thames-side town. Mr. Davenport, in his account of the English Regalia, describes it as an old piece of what was most likely a holy Druidical stone, and was certainly used for the Coronation of some of our Saxon Kings, and, probably, for more of them than is recorded. As early as the reign of Edred in 946 mention is made in a charter of Kingston as the Royal town in which the Coronation is usually performed, and the fact of the stone being there gives the place its name. During



THE "KING'S STONE" AT KINGSTON

the tenth and eleventh centuries seven of our Kings are known to have been crowned at Kingston, and the Saxon monarchs had a palace there, as nearly as can be ascertained on the spot where the stone now is.

After the settlement of the Saxons in England the town of Kingston was refounded by them, on or near the site of the Roman town which was probably the "Tamesa" of the Itinerary of Antoninus. Camden says that the Saxon town was originally called Moreford, but when England was almost torn in pieces by the Danish wars, Ethelstan, Edwin and Ethelred were crowned here, whence it had the name of Kingston, or King's Town. Leland and Aubrey adopt the same etymology. "The Tounish men," says Leland, "have certen knowledge of a few Kinge's crownid ther aforne the Conqueste." He gives the names of Ethelstan, Edwin, Edwy and Ethelred as having been crowned at Kingston,



A large assemblage gathered at Worcester Lodge, Badminton, on Tuesday morning, for the meet of the Badminton Hunt, arranged in connection with the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. Worcester Lodge is situated at the northern end of the fine avenue of beech trees, and is about three miles from Badminton House, and this side of the estate generally yields a good supply of foxes. About half-past eleven the Princess of Wales drove up in an open carriage, accompanied by the Duchess of Beaufort. Her Royal Highness was received with a hearty cheer, and a no less enthusiastic welcome was accorded to the Prince when he rode on to the ground, accompanied by the Duke of Beaufort. Our photograph is by A. H. Hawke, Bristol.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BADMINTON: THE MEET OF THE HUNT

and adds that he had been told that "this was done in the midst of the market place, a lofty platform being erected that the ceremony might be seen from afar by a multitude of people." The following, on the authority of William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, Roger Hoveden, the Saxon Chronicle, Holinshed and other ancient annalists, are the Saxon Kings who were crowned at Kingston:—Edward the Elder, A.D. 900, crowned by Plegmund, Archbishop of Canterbury; Athelstan, his son, crowned by Wulphelm, 925; Edmund, crowned by Odo, 940; Edred, crowned by Odo, 948; Edwy, crowned by Odo, 955; Edwy or Edwin, 955; Edward the Martyr, crowned by Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, 975; Ethelred, crowned by Dunstan, 978.

Edgar, who succeeded in 959, is said to have been crowned either at Kingston or Bath; Edmund Ironside is also said to have been crowned at Kingston in 1016. Of these Kings, Edred, Edward the Martyr, and Ethelred, were crowned in a chapel dedicated to St. Mary, which formerly stood on the north side of the church, and in which were preserved their portraits, as well as those of Athelstan, Edwin and John. The others were more publicly crowned upon a platform in the market-place. Dean Hook has given us a word picture of the Coronation of Athelstan by Wulphelm, Archbishop of

Canterbury. The Teutonic races, he points out, had a great dislike to towns. Athelstan, after his election by the Witan at Winchester, determined that he would be crowned near, but not in, London. He pitched the Royal camp at Moreford (Kingston), a place of easy access to the multitudes who hastened to express their adhesion to the decision of the Wessex witan and to fight under the banner of the son of Edward the Elder and grandson of Alfred. "The King stood before them, a thin, spare man, thirty years of age, with his yellow hair beautifully interwoven with threads of gold. He was arrayed in purple vestment, with a Saxon sword in a golden sheath hanging from a jewelled belt—the gift of Alfred, from whom, upon coming of age, according to an old Teutonic custom, he had received his shield and spear. On an elevated platform in the market-place and on a stone seat he took his place, the better to be seen by the multitude. He was received with shouts of loyalty, and as

One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, or courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader.

Then, elevated on a stage or target, he was carried on the shoulders of his men, being from time to time tossed into the air until they arrived at the doors of the church."



1. Captain W. Lindsay, Gentleman-in-Waiting	5. Major McNeill, Assistant Military Secretary and Equerry to H.R.H.	9. Captain Holland, A.D.C. to H.R.H.	16. Major Deare, A.D.C.	21. H.E. Earl Cadogan, K.G., the Lord Lieutenant
2. Captain Wyndham, Equerry to H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught	6. H. Fetherstonhaugh, Esq., Assistant Private Secretary	10. Major Heseltine, A.D.C.	17. J. Olphert, Esq., Gentleman Usher	22. H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, G.C.V.O.
3. Captain Bond, A.D.C.	7. Captain Van de Weyer, M.V.O., A.D.C.	11. Captain Long, A.D.C.	18. Lord Plunket, C.V.O., Private Secretary	23. Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. Forster, Master of the Horse
4. Captain Hankey, A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught	8. Major the Hon. Murrough O'Brien, D.S.O., A.D.C.	12. Major Lord Athlumney, A.D.C.	19. Colonel Sir Gerald Dease, C.V.O., Chamberlain	24. Sir Arthur Vicars, C.V.O., Ulster King of Arms
	9. Captain Brinton, D.S.O., A.D.C.	13. Victor S. Cockran, M.V.O., Additional Private Secretary	20. H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland	25. Captain Forbes, A.D.C.
	14. Captain Bigham, C.M.G., A.D.C.	15. Captain Holland, C.M.G., A.D.C.		

THE LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND AND THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND THEIR STAFFS

From a photograph taken at Dublin Castle after a Levée by F. P. D'Arcy, Dublin. The numbers read from left to right



At Mid-Lent a curious game is played at evening parties in Italy. An earthenware jar (called the *Pignatta*) is filled with bonbons, toys and such things, and turned upside down on the floor. Each of the guests in turn is blindfolded, and tries to strike the jar with a thick stick. The person who breaks the jar is declared the winner, and has the privilege of bestowing the presents on the company.

Sometimes more than one *Pignatta* is provided, one filled with bonbons, another with toys, and a third perhaps with rubbish, and much fun is caused by the fact that they are alike, and no one knows what is in each. Our artist has chosen for the subject of his drawing the moment when the jar has been successfully hit.

BREAKING THE EARTHENWARE JAR: AN ITALIAN MID-LENT GAME

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA



IN MEMORY OF MAGERSFONTEIN HEROES



VIEW OF THE LIGHTHOUSE AT HIGH TIDE FROM BEACHY HEAD



THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE OFF BEACHY HEAD

En Memory of Magersfontein Heroes

A MEMORIAL has been despatched to South Africa for erection on Magersfontein Hill, in memory of the disaster which occurred to the British arms on December 11, 1899. The Highland regiments engaged suffered severely in the reverse, and the handsome memorial cross is the outcome of Scottish sympathy expressed by means of a shilling subscription organised by the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. The cross was designed and executed by Messrs. Macdonald, Ltd., Aberdeen, is over twenty-one feet in height and weighs about eleven tons. Through the kindness of the Union Castle Line and Sir Donald Currie, it is being carried free to South Africa. The Kimberley Diamond Fields Scottish Association will take charge of the erection of the memorial on a prominent site selected by them, which admits of its being seen over a radius of about thirty miles. Subscriptions were received from sympathisers with the movement in all parts of the world.

The Beachy Head Lighthouse

THE new lighthouse at the foot of Beachy Head, which will be crowned with its lantern not long after another Coronation, is situated a mile and a quarter eastward of the existing Belle Tout Lighthouse, on the highest portion of the sea bed in this locality, and about 150 yards from the base of the cliff, which at this point is about 450 feet in height. The tide at this spot rises to a height of about 16ft. The base of the new building is 47ft. in diameter, and is built solid for about 47ft. upwards, with the exception of the space required for storage of water. The height to the top of the masonry is about 124ft. The whole of the stone-work has been prepared and fitted at the quarries in Cornwall, and sent by rail to Eastbourne. Thence by team and traction power it has been drawn to the works at the top of the cliff, immediately above the new building, and then conveyed, by means of a rope trolley-way, to the works below. The cables over which the trolleys run are about six inches in diameter, and are capable of withstanding a strain of 120 tons, but the working strain never exceeds 30 tons. Some of the blocks of stone, which are of grey granite, weigh about four tons. The workmen are also transported by this aerial railway, though many seem to prefer to use an ingeniously constructed set of ladders up the friable face of the cliff to the west of the great pinnacle known as the Devil's Chimney. Before these ladders were completed, ascents were made with the aid of a hanging rope to a spot just below the Lloyd's station—the scene of more than one fatal accident to inexperienced climbers. At high tide this steep cliff is the only way for the unprivileged visitor to reach this shore in order to take a photograph of the lighthouse over two hundred yards of salt water. At low tide a scramble on rocks, covered with clammy seaweed, enables one to walk round the base of the tower, which has a diameter of forty-seven feet. The granite used amounts to 50,000 cubic feet, and the total height will be 153 feet, almost exactly that of the Devil's

Chimney. The lantern—83,000 candle-power—will be visible for seventeen miles. The new lighthouse has been constructed because owing to the continual falling away of cliff at Belle Tout Point, the distance between the present lighthouse and the edge of the cliff has been very dangerously diminished. Our photographs are by H. Somerset Bullock.

The Lighter Side of China Life

By A RESIDENT IN CHINA

FOR there is a lighter side—though overlooked in the mass of serious questions we have been lately called on to digest. First and foremost, the house-boy—a "youth," perhaps, of fifty—provides us, if on the look out, with at least one smile a day. His house account-book, for instance, brought with prim, downcast eyes at breakfast-time, is full of gems of this kind:—"For hanging two carpenters, sixty cents;" "rump sugar;" "one barsug (basket), twenty cents;" "two rainey hats" (rain hats for chair-coolies); "pillow-cage" (pillow-case) or, reverting unconsciously to poetic form—"one bottel sprite of wine." He is full of quaint answers, both shrewd and otherwise. "What's all that noise, boy?" "Oh, butcha kill piggee; piggee no likee!" Or, when invited by a sympathetic mistress to bring his wife to see her some day, "No can, mississie! He too ugly face!" Or, again, the non-committal answer of the boy asked by a young married lady—no visitors or children being in the house—whether "master" had returned yet from sculling: "No, savvey! Some man have got bar-room" (meaning, *is in the bathroom*).

As often as not, however, the laugh is at the master's own expense, as when a neighbour of ours invited a friend to dinner, to give his verdict on some special claret. The bottle being produced with befitting solemnity, the boy poured out half a glassful, then paused. The impatient guest thereupon drank it off, smacked his lips, and asked for more. "Boy," said the host, reproachfully, "what for you no pay Mr. Smith one full glass; only pay one-half?" "Have—got—fly!" was the cold reply.

Another Ganymede, on being told he was fat and lazy, turned the tables on his master by exclaiming, more in grief than anger, "What for my belong 'fat?' Bec'os my *any* night makee shuttle eye; no lie 'wake, all same other boy, tinkee how fashion can squeeze (squeeze) master nex' day!"

The Amah, Fa Wong ("Prince of Flowers"—gardener), bunkah-coolie, cook, and mafoo (groom) may all be similarly made sources of innocent merriment. Some very sound advice of one of these latter Jesus to his master, just mounted (on a slug) for the Shanghai Derby, is worth preserving: "You kickee him belly plenty; you floggee him too muchee; *must* makee win!"

But the old order changeth, and "boys" and masters have changed much since the early times. What latter-day Consul, for instance, could be the hero of the story told of an official in the 'sixties, who, when an argumentative sailor whom he had sentenced for disorderly conduct protested that he had come to a British Court expecting *justice*, shouted back: "Justice be d—d! You go to jail for ten days!"

Another case brought before the same functionary regarded the soundness of a pony. As vendor and purchaser were wasting the Court's time with contradictory assertions, the Consul ordered the pony to be saddled and brought round, and salled forth himself, mounted, galloped up and down the Bund with coat-tails flying, and, declaring the animal as sound as a bell, gave judgment accordingly. But in those days this high-pressure justice was not only excusable but necessary.



Our Special Artist, who followed the American Mission in search of Miss Stone, was delayed for some time on the route. Describing some of the villages which he visited on the Turco-Bulgarian frontier and their inhabitants, he writes:—"I rode to the village of Su-Bashi, five miles along the road to Drama. . . . We dismounted at a khan or inn, and walked to the church, about 200 yards distant, and to do so we crossed the river six times by stepping-stones. . . . Within the church are two stones covered with Greek characters, but many of the letters are obliterated, and only a specialist could read them. The priests who showed them to me did not know what they were. Before a little shrine at one side of the church, an old priest was chanting prayers over two children, whose mothers had brought them to be healed."

A GREEK PRIEST PRAYING OVER SICK CHILDREN AT THE VILLAGE OF SU-BASHI

A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD



BEREANT-MAJOR A. YOUNG
Awarded the V.C.



THE LATE EARL OF PERTH AND MELFORT
The most aged Peer



THE LATE SIR T. V. LISTER
Late of the Foreign Office



FUAD PASHA
Who has been arrested by the Sultan

Royal Edward Docks, Avonmouth

THE inadequacy of Bristol's dock accommodation has long been felt. All that the dock authorities could boast was very respectable accommodation for smaller vessels, and that Bristol was admirably adapted for a distributive trade. The credit of originating Transatlantic steam navigation was due to the Great Western Steamship Company, of Bristol, but they failed, through attempting to establish a line of steamships with only one vessel, the *Great Western*. Liverpool immediately built four larger steamers, and became the chief port for communication with the New World.

The insufficient size of Bristol's docks, even in 1844, is shown by the fact that when the Great Western Steamship Company built a second vessel she was too large to pass out into the river until the locks had been increased in size. Notwithstanding the unsuccessful attempt to establish a regular trade with America, the prosperity of the port continued to increase, and improved accommodation became a matter of urgency. Various schemes were discussed, but nothing was done until 1880, when the present Avonmouth and Portishead Docks were constructed. There can be no doubt that, but for the existence of these a large proportion of the shipping which now enters the port would have gone to Cardiff, Barry or elsewhere, where ample facilities are provided. The accommodation, however, has still been found inadequate for some years. In 1900, by a large majority, on a general poll of the inhabitants, the docks at Avonmouth were decided upon. These, of which the Prince of Wales cut the first sod on Wednesday, are to be named "The Royal Edward Docks." They will cost 2,000,000/., have twenty-five and a half acres of deep water space, a total available quay length of 3,200 lineal feet, and two entrance piers, at which the largest vessels can lie for two hours before and two hours after ordinary neap tides, and discharge or embark passengers, trains being brought alongside the ships.

The entrance lock (850 feet), will be 150 feet longer than the largest vessel afloat, and there will be room in the dock for these ocean Leviathans to swing. A graving dock, 850 feet in length by 90 feet in width, will be placed near the entrance, railways and extensive warehouses are to be provided, and a considerable area (221 acres) is left to the north, and is so situated that the water space may be hereafter readily extended if desired. Such extension would consist of two branch docks with four berths for steamers of the largest class and would increase the total deep water area to 40 acres.

A striking example of the need for extending Bristol's present docks is shown in the fact that Bristol merchants are to-day importing largely *via* Liverpool and Southampton, and they declare that it is only when direct importation takes place at freights equivalent to those elsewhere that they will be able to make Bristol the distributive centre for which its geographical position and railway facilities qualify it.

Our Portraits

THE Earl of Perth and Melfort was the chief of the Clan Drummond, fourteenth Earl of Perth, and sixth Earl of Melfort, Viscount of Melfort and Forth, Baron Drummond of Cargill, Drummond of Stobhall and Montifex, Drummond of Rickettoun, Castlemaine, and Galstoun, in the peerage of Scotland, Hereditary Thane of Lennox (1070), and Hereditary Steward of Monteith and Strathearn (1473); Duc de Melfort, Comte de Lussan, and Baron de Valrose in France. He was the son of Leon Maurice Drummond, and was born in London in 1807. He was the oldest Peer of the Realm, being in his ninety-fifth year. In 1824 the Earl of Perth joined the Army, and at the early age of eighteen he was made a captain of his regiment, the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. In 1840 he succeeded his uncle as Duc de Melfort, and a year later he petitioned the Crown for the restoration of the Scottish titles, which had been under attainder for generations in consequence of the part taken by his ancestors, the Earls of Perth and of Melfort, in the Stuart risings. In 1848 he proved his descent before the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, and by the special desire of Queen Victoria he was five years later restored by an Act of Parliament which unanimously passed both Houses to the Scottish Earldoms of Perth and Melfort, together with the viscounties and baronies in the Peerage of Scotland recited above. Earl Perth served as major in the Victoria Rifles in 1853, and in 1868 he joined the Royal Company of Archers. He was twice married, first in 1831 to Baroness Albertine von Rotherg Rheinweiler, relict of General Comte Rapp, a peer of France, and afterwards to Susan Henrietta, widow of Colonel Burrows, of Dungan Castle, County Meath. For many years the Earl

of Perth had in vain endeavoured to recover the old family estates. According to tradition, the Drummonds are of Hungarian origin, the first of the family who settled in Scotland, one Maurice, having come over with Edgar Atheling and Margaret, his sister, afterwards Queen of Scotland. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Sergeant-Major Alexander Young, Cape Police, was awarded the Victoria Cross for his conspicuous bravery towards the close of the action at Ruiter's Kraal last year. With a handful of men he rushed some kopjes which were being held by Commandant Erasmus and about twenty Boers. On reaching these kopjes the enemy were seen galloping back to another kopje held by the Boers. Sergeant-Major Young then galloped on some fifty yards ahead of his party and, closing with the enemy, shot one of them and captured Commandant Erasmus, the latter firing at him three times at point blank range before being taken prisoner. Our portrait is by R. W. Simmons, Galway.

Sir Thomas Villiers Lister, of Armitage Hill, Ascot, was in his seventieth year. He entered the Foreign Office in 1853, and had been attached to several important foreign missions. He was private secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, and précis writer to Lord John Russell, and from 1873 to 1893 filled the post of Assistant Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs. In 1885 he was made a K.C.M.G. Sir Thomas Lister's sister was the first wife of Sir William Harcourt. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Fuad Pasha, who has been arrested and deported to Damascus, is a blunt soldier, concerning himself little with politics, but his open contempt for the Palace clique and fearlessness of the Sultan has, doubtless, contributed to the hatching of the plot which led to his disgrace. At the time of the massacres in 1896, Fuad was Military Governor of Scutari, and his intrepid conduct in threatening to have the rabble bayoneted when they approached the Armenian quarter saved hundreds of lives, but earned him the disfavour of his Sovereign. He was then relieved of his command, and has since been living in strict retirement. Fehmi Pasha, however, whose character is too well known to need comment, lately informed the Palace that Fuad Pasha was concerned in a plot to dethrone the Sultan. Several spies thenceforward constantly followed the doomed Pasha, who, failing to get any satisfaction from the Minister of Police, took matters into his own hands, shooting two and wounding a third of Fehmi's creatures. Our portrait is by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

The Week in Parliament

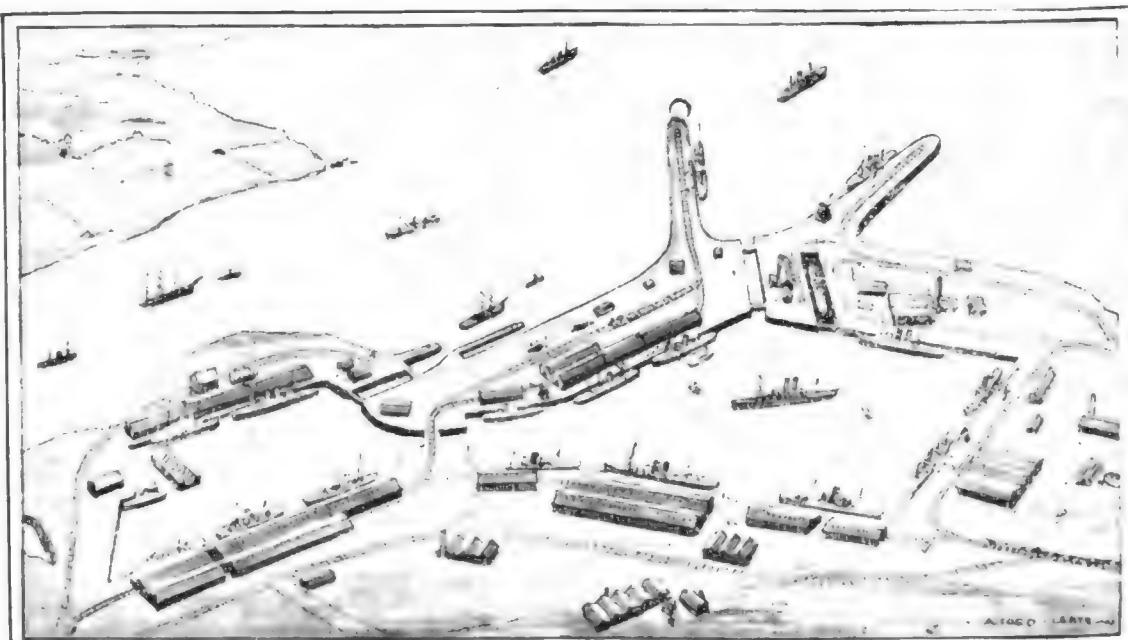
BY HENRY W. LUCY

IN the continued absence of Mr. Arthur Balfour the New Procedure Rules remain on the shelf. But it has happened that they have received valuable assistance from quarters that do not regard them with friendly eye. At one sitting the necessity of dealing with the plague of questions has been demonstrated afresh by appearance on the Paper of eighty-three interrogations, the odd three representing the proportion dealing with matters of public interest. On Tuesday a valuable object-lesson was forthcoming in support of the proposed New Rules delivering the House from the tyranny of Private Bill legislation.

This day was set apart for the important business of explaining the Army Estimates. The Speaker taking the chair at three o'clock, and questions approaching at half-past, it was reasonable to expect that the Secretary of State for War would be on his legs at four o'clock, eight hours remaining for discussion of the question. What actually happened was that a local Irish private bill, an old friend responsible for much waste of time last Session, came on as soon as prayers were over. For two hours it was talked round, exclusively by Irish members, and was not brought to a conclusion till five o'clock, and then only under threat of the closure. Immediately after the division another Irish private bill was brought on, with the result that nearly two hours and a half of a sitting whose maximum duration was nine hours were appropriated.

The farce was crowned in the case of the first Bill by three hundred British members rushing in when the division bell rang and voting "Aye" or "No" on a question of the bearings of which they were naturally ignorant, a condition they had not attempted to relieve themselves from by listening to five minutes of the long debate. The Committee Stage of Private Bill legislation at Westminster is admirable. An impartial court is instituted which painstakingly follows the mass of evidence submitted to it. The very excellence of this arrangement makes more insupportable a state of things whereby on the third reading of a Bill the decision of a Select Committee may be overthrown in circumstances identical with those that prevailed on Tuesday.

Mr. St. John Brodrick's speech suffered by being shunted into the dinner-hour. The real interest of his speech centred in the passage where he described the new departure in dealing with Tommy Atkins. The Secretary of State recognised the fact that recruiting is hampered by two considerations—one relating to length of term of service, the other to daily pay. Both these conditions are to be improved. The pay, which now comes out at



PLAN OF THE ROYAL EDWARD DOCKS AT AVONMOUTH, INAUGURATED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

tenpence a day, is from the first of April to be raised to a shilling. At the end of two years' service the soldier, on renewing his enlistment for eight years with the colours and four in the reserve, will receive eighteenpence a day.

As to term of service, it will be, except for the Household Cavalry, for three years, to be enlarged on the above terms at the free will of the soldier. This boon, when in full operation, will cost the country a million and a half, India's burden being increased by something over three-quarters of a million sterling.

When Mr. Brodrick made an end of speaking there remained nearly four hours during which this important, far-reaching business scheme might have been discussed. That is a proposal all very well at the meeting of a common vestry or a town council. We manage things differently at Westminster. The friends of the Boers, whose hearts bleed on contemplation of women and children kept in comfort in refugee camps, whilst their husbands, sons and brothers are left free for fighting, commandeered the rest of the sitting. Mr. Humphreys-Owen, a mild-mannered gentleman, not known in ordinary debate, moved what amounted to a vote of censure on the Government for their administration of this unparalleled scheme of philanthropy. Mr. Chamberlain undertook the defence of the Government, and threw himself into the fight with something more than his wonted energy. He was evidently deeply moved by these attacks from well-meaning, if constitutionally feeble, quarters upon Englishmen performing a thankless task at the front. As he said, never before in the history of war have the combatants on one side taken charge of the enemy's women and children, leaving their male folk unhampered to continue hostilities.

Of course there was some discomfort in the camps, a discomfort, according to testimony of friend and foe, steadily decreasing as opportunity presented itself.

The Leader of the Opposition, who has elsewhere had something to say on this subject, did not find it of sufficient interest to command his attention throughout the debate. He returned in dinner dress about half-past ten, and heard the greater portion of Mr. Chamberlain's remarks. He provided himself with blotting pad and took notes on his knee. It was expected, as a matter of course, that he would follow the Colonial Secretary. In view of Mr. Asquith's letter and the formation of the Liberal League, curiosity was alert to hear what line "C.-B." would take. He took that of safety, abstaining from the debate. But members remained within sound of the bell, the vote of censure being negatived by considerably more than two to one.

The New Royal Naval College

By the time these lines are published, the King will have laid the foundation-stone of the New Training College for Naval Cadets at Dartmouth, which is destined to take the place of the old man-of-war *Britannia*, which has done duty as a training-ship since 1869. The new college occupies a charming site on the Dart, known as the Mount Boon Estate, above 200 feet above the river, and immediately above the spot where the *Britannia* is anchored. The front of the College

will have a southern aspect and will be approached from the river by a somewhat circuitous route leading to a covered drive terminating in a handsome flight of steps up to the main entrance. Mr. Aston Webb, A.R.A., the architect, has designed a noble building arranged in semi-detached blocks, the whole frontage being about 750ft. The style adopted is a blend of the Tudor and Queen Anne styles. The centre of the building is a spacious hall 90ft. by 50ft., crowned by a cupola, and round it are grouped the educational parts of the building, there being two floors of classrooms on either side, including lecture-room, steam-study and chart rooms, and reading-room on the first floor, while at the end of the hall is the seaman's room. This block also contains the captain's, chaplain's, chief officers', and instructors' rooms. On either side of the central block are the dormitories. On the right as you face the building are the premises devoted to the younger "terms," while on the left are those for the older cadets. The dormitories are arranged for thirty-three cadets in each, and between each pair of rooms there is a lieutenant's room. The College, it should be said, is meant to accommodate 260 cadets. The cadets will sleep in hammocks and not in beds, special fittings being supplied for the slinging of the hammocks and the reception of sea-chests. On the western side of the building will be found the cadets' dining-hall and officers' quarters, while the eastern end will contain the captain's house and a chapel which is to contain 300 people. The sanitary arrangements are on an ample scale, nothing being neglected to secure the health of the cadets. Sick quarters, with sixty beds, are to be provided on the western side.

The old *Britannia*, which is to be thus replaced, lies in the land-locked haven of Dartmouth, and joined to it by a bridge is the old two-decker *Hindostan*. The *Britannia*, the fifth ship in the Navy to bear the name, was originally designed as a sailing three-decker. Her keel was laid in 1848 and her frame set up. In this state she remained until after the Crimean War, when the necessity for the introduction of steam power into all warships was recognised, and the vessel was cut in two and lengthened amidships and finally launched as a screw 131-gun ship in 1860, and christened the *Prince of Wales*. She was re-named the *Britannia* in 1869. It should be stated that the fourth *Britannia*, which served in the Crimean War, did duty as a training ship for a few years before her successor was appointed for that duty. Our illustration of what the new college will be like is reproduced from the architect's drawing. Our photograph of the *Britannia* is by W. M. Crockett, Stonehouse; that of the Devonport staff by Russell and Sons, Southsea; and that of the *Moltke* by Hans Breuer, Hamburg.



This ship came over to Dartmouth at the Kaiser's order, and arrangements were made to provide accommodation for as many cadets and officers as possible at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Naval College

THE GERMAN TRAINING-SHIP "MOLTKE," NOW VISITING DARTMOUTH



Flag-Secretary
W. Leg. Pullen

Admiral
Lord Scott

Flag-Captain
Sir R. Poore

Flag-Lieut.
Lionel Lambert

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT DEVONPORT AND STAFF



H.M.S. *Britannia* and *Hindostan* in Dartmouth Haven

THE OLD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR CADETS



THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE AT DARTMOUTH AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED

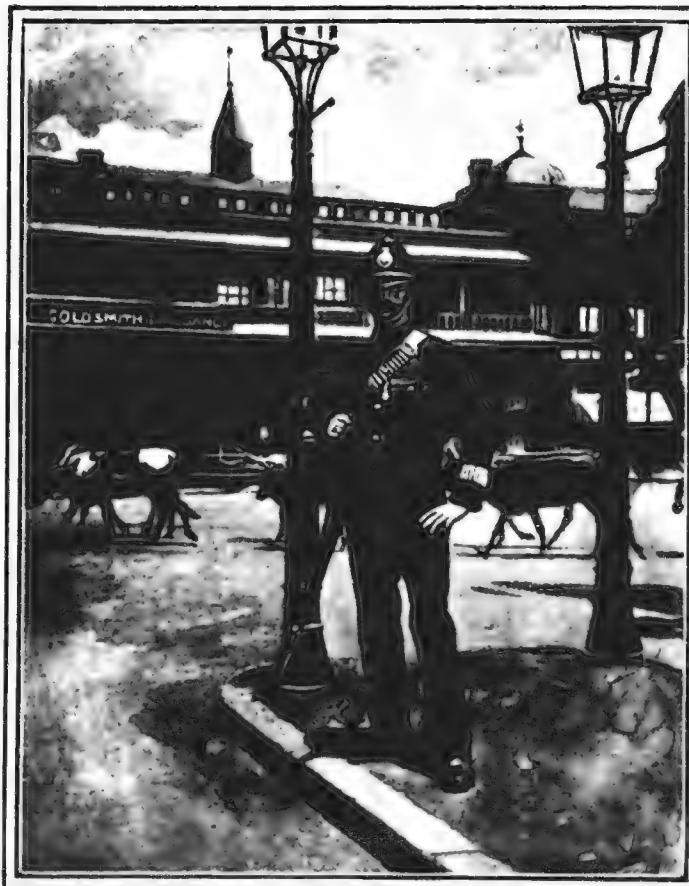
Symbolising Sovereignty

By CHARLES LOWE

AMONG most civilised nations Coronation, in one form or another, is the ceremony by which Sovereigns are formally invested with all the attributes of their office, but it is by no means universal. For example, the monarchs of Belgium and Holland are not crowned, but inaugurated, though a crown has now been made for the Queen of the Belgians.

"Is that your Queen, my lord," she said,
"That auld and bairly dame?
I see the crown upon her head,
But I dinna ken her name."

King Leopold himself was not crowned, but, stretching forth his right hand at his installation, he said:—"I swear to observe the laws and constitution of the Belgian people, to maintain the national independence and integrity of the territory." In the same way the present Queen of Holland, when she came of age, was only "inaugurated"—so that, strictly speaking, those two neighbouring rulers are not "crowned heads." Neither is the German Emperor, startling as this may sound. William II. has never yet been crowned, either as King of Prussia or as German Emperor. People talk about an Imperial German Crown, but none have ever seen it either on the head of the present Kaiser or on that of his grandfather. William I. was proclaimed Kaiser at Versailles, and that was all; while his grandson, William II., was "acclaimed" as Emperor by his fellow Sovereigns in the Fatherland at the opening of his first Reichstag, and that was also all. William II. is the ninth King of Prussia, and only two of his predecessors were formally crowned at Königsberg—the Westminster, or rather "Kingston" (on Thames) of the monarchy. These predecessors were Frederick I., who bought his royal title from Kaiser Leopold, and then placed the crown upon his own head, in token that he had received it, without episcopal mediation, direct from the King of Kings; and William I., who, after his subjects had been granted a constitution, as a result of the Revolution of 1848, crowned himself in a similar manner, in order to emphasise and reassert the decadent doctrine of divine right. The intermediate Kings of Prussia, dispensing with the Coronation as being too costly, had contented themselves with the ceremony of "Huldigung," or "homaging," from the various estates of the realm, who thus acknowledged the legitimacy of their rulers. William II. preferred spending his money in touring about among the Courts of Europe to investing it in a Coronation, but when he opened the first Reichstag, or Imperial Parliament, under his reign, he was formally acclaimed as Kaiser by his Sovereign confederates, who thus set upon him the stamp of King of Prussia, because that monarch, *ex-officio*, is German Emperor, and because, conversely, if a man is German Kaiser he must also be King of the Prussians. Therefore, like the King of the Belgians and the Queen of Holland, William II. may also be said to have been inaugurated, or installed like a Doge



The police in Johannesburg wear a uniform like that of the London police, but instead of a truncheon they carry a Lee-Metford rifle, bandolier and ball cartridge. Our photograph is by a British officer

AN EX-GUARDSMAN NOW A POLICEMAN IN JOHANNESBURG

of Venice. This potentate was a real Sovereign, yet there was a republican taint about him which forbade his having anything to do with crowns. All he got was a bonnet or biretta, while his only sceptre was the ring with which he was wedded to the Adriatic. As for the bonnet

Hollow babbler!
Beset with all the thorns that line a crown,
Without investing the insulted brow
With the all-swaying majesty of Kings

The Venetians were generally at war with the Turks, most martial of races, the sovereignty of whose rulers was symbolised not by a crown but by a sabre. The sword of Othman is, perhaps, the most terrible that was ever wielded, and that is what the Sultans of Turkey are still ceremoniously begirt with on succeeding to the throne. The Mosque of Eyoob is their Westminster Abbey, and their only crown is a simple fez. This was all the head garniture worn by the present Sultan, Abul Hamid, when he rode "all alone in the multitude which pressed on his heels and followed him to the mosque," and then back to his palace in grand procession, with the sword or scimitar of Othman girt about his loins. "Take it with faith," the Mollah Hunkiar had said to him, "for it is God who sends it to thee"—words which prove that the doctrine of divine right is no less fervently cherished on the banks of the Bosphorus than it is in the mark of Brandenburg. The Magyars or Hungarians have certain racial affinities with the Turks, both being Turanian peoples, and traces of this sword ceremony are still retained in their Coronation ritual. The King of Kandy, too, before he could be regarded as completely Sovereign, had to choose a name and be circumscribed with the regal sword. One would have expected to find the sabre-ceremony practised among the Tartars, who are also akin to the Turks; but it appears that the new Khan simply entered into a verbal compact with his subjects, when he said, "Henceforth my word alone shall be my sword;" after which he and his chief wife were placed on the same seat and lifted into the air with loud shouts proclaiming them to be Emperor and Empress.

From the Tartars to the Chinese the road is not far, but there is neither trace of sword or crown among the sovereign ceremonies of the Celestials. On the other hand, there is a book recording the rights and privileges of the head of the Empire, which is brought by the master of the ceremonies and placed upon a table before the Sovereign's gorgeous nine-stepped dragon throne, representing the nine heavens of Chinese belief and the nine orders of magistrates who rule the nation. The sacred volume is read aloud, after which there is the ceremony of the Kow-tow, or nine knockings, followed by the solemn sealing of a proclamation. As for the Japanese, they used to make their ruler sit crowned on his throne for some hours every morning without suffering him to move a limb or feature, in the belief that the preservation of peace could be thus secured; while the slightest movement of his muscles was held to portend famine, fire, war, and other national catastrophes.

In like manner the King of Burmah is consecrated more than crowned—incantations and sprinklings of holy water from the Ganges forming a prominent feature of the inaugural ceremony. The most distinguished emblem of his regal power is neither a crown, nor a sword, nor a sceptre, but a white umbrella—an article which, in our own country, is used to keep off the rain, but which, in some other lands, is regarded as a means of lifting the soul to heaven. An umbrella, better than any other object, represents the



DRAWN BY FRED WHITING

Quite recently a party of Boers, who were pursued by a patrol of the South African Constabulary, near Boshof, effected their escape by playing upon the good nature of their enemy. They were surprised in one of the outhouses of a farm, and as the Police held the main farm buildings, the Boers were

unable to reach their horses. They then sent a little girl, aged nine, to fetch their mounts, well knowing that the British would not fire on her. The ruse was successful and the Boers got away.

MASKING THE ENEMY'S FIRE: BOERS USING A LITTLE GIRL TO BRING UP THEIR HORSES

FROM A SKETCH BY GENEVIEVE

hemispherical canopy, which was the Indian idea of heaven, while its stick was God, the sustainer of the star-bespangled dome. One King of Burmah placed this symbol of sovereignty upright in the midst of his five sons, praying that it might fall towards the rightful heir, and, lo and behold, it did so. Then, too, surely we have all heard of the State umbrella, now in one of our museums, of King Koffee Kalkali, whom Sir Garnet Wolseley drove from his horrible skull-supported throne at Coomassie. That parasol was to the King of Ashanti what crowns are to the sovereigns of Europe. But crowns are only worn by their owners on very rare occasions, while Koffee Kalkali's umbrella was borne over him wherever he moved. As for the inaugural robes of the King of Old Calahar, who succeeded to Aribibong, they consisted of a robe of bright cloth, a British admiral's hat with a feather stuck into it, a silver spear, a live fowl tied to the end of a long string, with a brush of peacock's feathers five or six feet long suspended from his back to represent a tail. That was ceremonial King-ship in its lowest form, just as the Coronation of Edward VII. will represent the consecration of monarchy in its highest.

Shaving Poodles in Paris

It is astonishing with what zeal every means of earning an honest penny is plied in Paris. No city in the world has so many *petits métiers* by which those practising them scrape together enough *sous* to make a living. The man who, when questioned by the French judge as to his occupation, proudly replied that he was a *ramasseur d'acérolites*, need hardly be legendary. I believe if the Paris *cavale* started out to find fallen meteors he would succeed. The king of this class is, of course, the *chiffonier*, or rag-picker, of Paris. He starts out before the dawn armed with a lantern and a long hooked piece of iron, and explores the rubbish-boxes placed outside every door in the capital before the municipal carts come to carry off their contents. Then there is the *mégater*, who goes round with a spiked stick, picking up the *mégots*, or cigar and cigarette stumps which lie round the *terrasses* of the Paris cafés. Extraordinary as it may seem, there are a class of men who search the streets for fallen money, and who generally find enough to keep them from starvation.

One of the most characteristic of these *petits métiers* is the *tondeur de chiens*, or dog-barber. The favourite dog of the Parisian is the French poodle, or *mouton*, as he is popularly called. It is chiefly for his benefit that the *tondeur de chiens* exists. His headquarters are the banks of the Seine. Here the main body can be found at all times, though in the summer some go about the city carrying on their occupation *à domicile*. In the hot days one continually hears the long-drawn-out cry, "*Tu-o-o-ndeur de chiens!*" and meets the



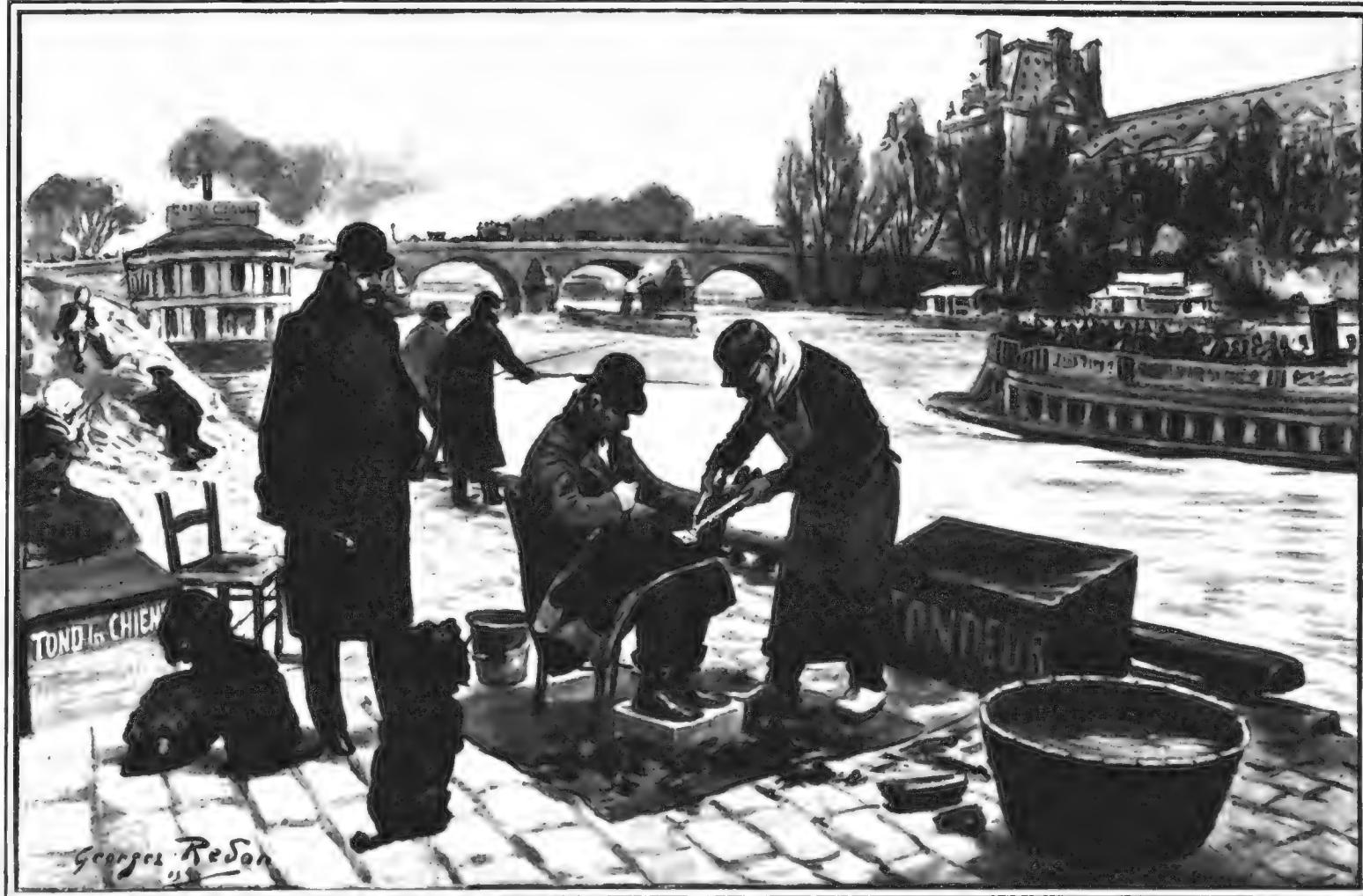
Trooper Falknall, of General Baden-Powell's South African Police, died in attempting to save the life of a comrade, Trooper Kitson. Falknall and another named Goodridge, when stationed at Potchefstroom, just before Christmas, went to bathe in the Modder River. While the other two were dressing, Kitson, who was in mid-stream, suddenly threw up his arms and went down. Falknall, who was by no means a strong swimmer, immediately went to his rescue, and succeeded in bringing him to the surface, but became exhausted. Goodridge went to the aid of both and tried to tow them ashore, but Falknall, through exhaustion and Kitson's struggles, was forced to give up his hold on Goodridge, who, after two attempts to save the men, had for his own safety to cling to the rushes. Both Kitson and Falknall were drowned. Their bodies were discovered with some difficulty, and were then buried with military honours.

FUNERAL OF A BRAVE TROOPER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE

familiar figure of the dog-barber, with his box of instruments slung over his shoulder. Many of them have their regular customers, whose houses they visit at stated intervals to *faire la toilette* of these privileged poodles. For the Paris *mouton* is the "spoilt child" among dogs. He is clipped, brushed, combed, perfumed, and generally has his "top-knot" fastened with a pink or blue ribbon. Some even wear gold or silver bracelets round one paw.

The result has been the development of the dog-barber as an artist. He clips and shaves his customers' dogs in most elaborate fashion. Some are left with shaggy manes, with a tuft at the end of their

tail, to imitate a lion. Others, again, are clipped in stripes, making them look like black zebras, and others have their faces clipped, and nothing but a pair of fierce moustaches left, with fluffy bracelets of hair round each foot. At any time of the day, as long as daylight lasts, the *tondeur de chiens* will be found at work on the Seine Embankment. Seated on a camp-stool, and generally surrounded by an admiring crowd, he clips and shaves according to the directions given him by the owner. The banks of the Seine have been selected for his operations, because the river is handy to bathe the animal after he has been clipped and combed.



A SEINE-SIDE INDUSTRY: THE POODLE-BARBERS AT WORK

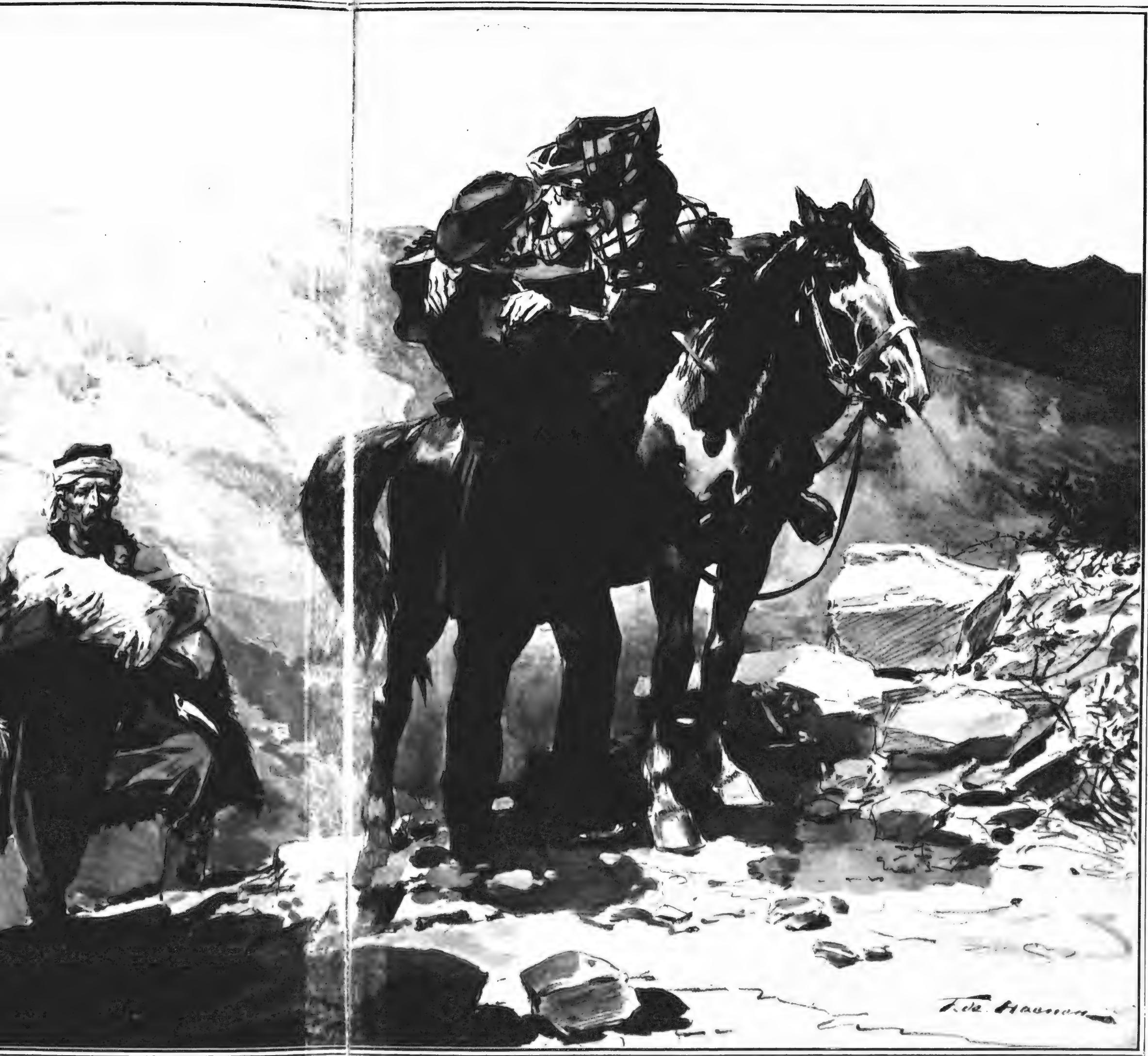
DRAWN BY GEORGES REDON



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

Our Special Artist, who followed the American Mission which went in search of Miss Stone and Madame Tsilka-Ligord—the lady missionaries who were captured by brigands on the Turco-Bulgarian frontier—thus describes the meeting of Madame Tsilka-

Ligord with her husband:—"When I left Salonika with Mr. Garguilo, the Dragoman [is not let him leave, as they believed him to be an] of the United States Legation in Constantinople, and Dr. House, of the American [Studies] . . . A dramatic incident occurred on the Missionary Society, for Strumitza, Mr. Ligord came to the station. The authorities would not let the ladies had been released. As our cavalry



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

h her husband:—"When I left Salonika with Mr. Gargiulo, the Drag man United States Legation in Constantinople, and Dr. House, of the American Society, for Strumitza, Mr. Ligord came to the station. The authorities w^o"

let him leave, as they believed him to be an accomplice in the capture of the two ladies . . . A dramatic incident occurred on the journey from Strumitza to the railway station after the ladies had been released. As our cavalcade reached the top of the Chipelli

Pass, Mr. Ligord suddenly appeared. A scene of much emotion followed as he embraced the wife from whom he had so long been separated. He was soon introduced to his seven weeks old daughter, and himself carried her down the mountain path."

OF THE LADY MISSIONARIES: MADAME TSILKA-LIGORD MEETING HER HUSBAND



THE LATE SEC. LIEUT. K. C. E. MEEKING
Died of enteric at Bethlehem



THE LATE LIEUT. LIONEL CHICHESTER
Killed at Dekoop



THE LATE LIEUT. D. E. GUTHRIE
Died of enteric fever at Mafeking



THE LATE LIEUT. G. H. R. COULSON, D.S.O.
Killed at Lambrechtfontein



THE LATE LIEUT. A. D. F. CUNNINGHAM
Died of enteric at Standerton

War Portraits

LIEUT. GUSTAVUS HAMILTON BLENKINSOPP COULSON, D.S.O., of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, Adjutant of the 7th M.L., who was killed at Lambrechtfontein, aged twenty-two, joined the King's Own Scottish Borderers in June, 1899, and became lieutenant in July, 1900. At Paardeberg he was one of the few survivors in Colonel Hannay's desperate M.L. charge, having his horse killed under him with three bullets through the saddle. Immediately after this he was, though not yet twenty-one, made adjutant of the 7th M.L. Regiment, and with them marched to Pretoria, and was subsequently present at the capture of Prinsloo and of De Wet's seven guns at Bothaville. On December 24, 1900, he had a second horse shot under him at Pera, and in March, 1901, he saved a wounded trooper under heavy fire on a reconnaissance. The action in which he fell was at Lambrechtfontein, near Bothaville, Orange Colony. It was a rearguard attack, in which our men were hard pressed by a much larger force of Boers. He rallied some men and saved a Maxim gun from falling into the enemy's hands, and afterwards rode back close under the enemy's fire and rescued a trooper whose horse had been wounded. His own horse was shot, but he put the trooper on the wounded horse, telling him to ride on and that he would look after himself. He had to return a long way on foot under a very heavy fire. Seeing his great danger Corpl. Shaw, of the Lincoln Regiment, rode some way back and took him up behind him, but after riding a short distance both were hit. Lieut. Coulson was shot through the heart, but Corpl. Shaw, though severely wounded, managed to get to the wagons. For his gallant acts Lieut. Coulson was recommended for the Victoria Cross by Colonel Pitcher (commanding the column), but as he was dead he could not receive it. Corpl. Shaw was made a sergeant by Lord Kitchener, and was awarded the Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lieutenant George Archibald Duncan Forbes Cunningham, of the 1st Battalion Essex Regiment, whose death from enteric fever is reported, was gazetted from the Militia to the line battalion of the Essex Regiment on April 4, 1900, and obtained his step in October of the same year. He took part in the advance from Pretoria to Komati Poort, including the engagement at Belfast. He was also in the operations round Fredericksstad and Heidelberg, and in the advance on and capture of Carolina, and was present at the two engagements at Twyfelaar. Our portrait is by R. Forbes, Dublin.

Second Lieutenant Kenneth Charles Edward Meeking, of the 2nd Grenadier Guards, who died of enteric fever at Bethlehem, South Africa, on February 2, had served two years in the Guards, to which he was gazetted on January 17, 1900, from the 4th (Militia) Battalion the Bedfordshire Regiment. He was the youngest son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Meeking, of Ricking's Park, Colnbrook, Bucks, and was born on April 9, 1880. His eldest brother, a captain in the 10th Royal Hussars, died at Bloemfontein about eighteen months ago, also of enteric fever. Our portrait is by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Lieutenant Lionel Chichester, of the 3rd Battalion 11th Company of the Imperial Yeomanry, who was killed at Dekoop, north-east of Calvinia, was the

eldest son of the late General Hugh Chichester, R.A., and was educated at Charterhouse School. He went out to South Africa primarily with the C.I.V., and came back with them when they returned. Last year he went out again with a commission in the Imperial Yeomanry.

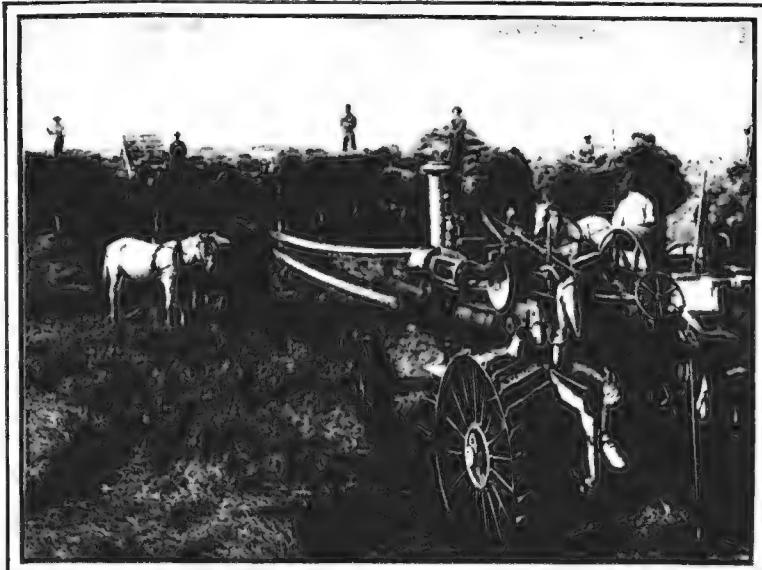
Lieutenant David Ernest Guthrie died at Mafeking of enteric fever. Lieutenant Guthrie was attached to the 39th Company Imperial Yeomanry, and was the son of David Guthrie, 9, Park Circus Place, Glasgow. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

New Officers' Uniforms

It has long been a matter of complaint among officers that the War Office is too fond of making changes in the uniforms of officers, changes which appear capricious and which cost the officers a great deal of money. The latest change has, however, the merit that it is introduced in consequence of "the introduction of the service and with a view to reduce expense in the provision of uniform;" which is certainly a step in the right direction when it is remembered how costly the outfit of an officer has been on joining his regiment. For instance, let us consider the cost of the outfit of a cavalry officer. In the Dragoons and Dragoon Guards about 100/- must be spent, and in the Lancers and Hussars from 200/- to 300/-. An infantry subaltern must spend at least 50/-, a Highlander 110/-, an Artillery officer about 80/-, and an engineer about 72/. In future the dress of all officers of the Regular and Militia forces, except the Household troops, will be restricted to (a) A full, or ceremonial, dress; (b) A universal service dress for wear at home and abroad; (c) A mess dress; and a forage-cap and a frock coat. All officers gazetted to first commission are required to provide themselves with uniform in accordance with the new Order. There is in future to be no gold lace on the trousers, brass spurs are abolished, and buttons must be die-struck and not mounted, except in a few specified cases. One of the most striking features of the new rule is the introduction of the frock coat, hitherto only worn by the guards and chaplains; though we hardly know when it will be worn, as it is not to be worn on duty in barracks, and officers do not walk out in uniform as a rule. The new service dress supersedes the present undress clothing, except for general officers and staff officers; but Highland regiments will retain most of their picturesque gear as at present worn. We give illustrations of this new uniform, which are issued with the Order. The jacket is of special serge mixture, single-breasted, and cut as a lounge coat, very loose at the chest and shoulders, and with a pleat down the centre of the back. The shoulder-straps have different coloured edgings for various branches of the Service. Rank is shown by braiding on the sleeves. A second lieutenant has his cuffs edged all round with a crow's-foot at the point. A lieutenant's cuff is the same, with double lines of braid added midway between the point and the seams of the sleeve. A captain's cuffs are the same as a lieutenant's, with an additional double line, three inches long, from the crow's foot at the point, with a crow's foot at the top. A major's is the same as a captain's, with additional double lines added midway between the two outer and centre lines, 6½ inches long, with a crow's foot at the top of each. A lieutenant-colonel's is like the major's, but has double lines added to the captain's loop five inches long, with an Austrian knot at the end. The head dress for home is a forage-cap of the staff pattern, and for abroad the well-known felt hat. The knickerbocker breeches are of leather, the same colour as the jacket.



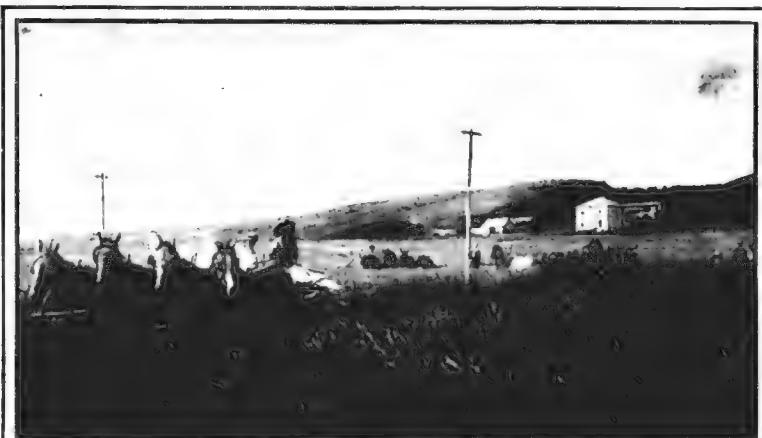
THE NEW SERVICE UNIFORM FOR OFFICERS



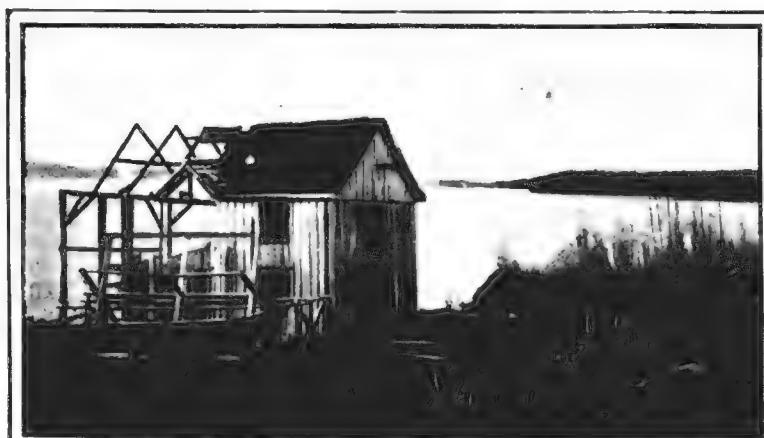
THRESHING WHEAT ON THE PLAINS



FARM RESIDENCE NEAR BRANDON



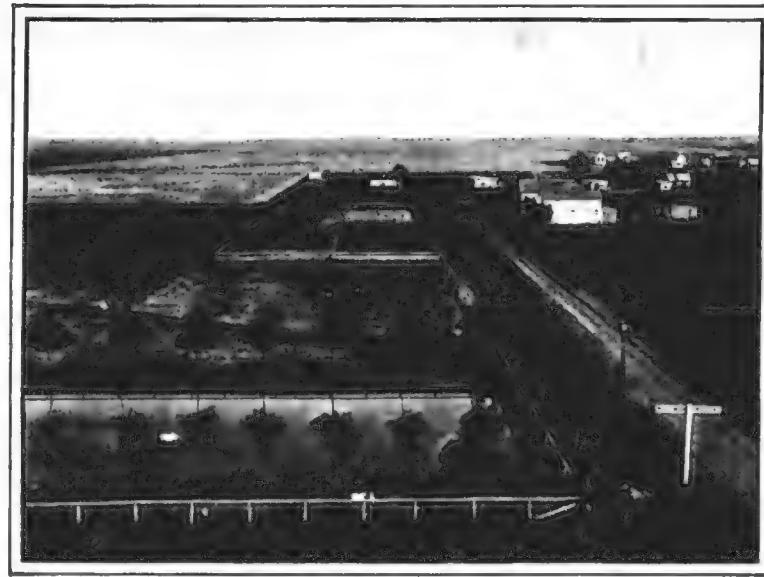
FARM SCENE NEAR BRANDON



THE REMAINS OF LORD WOLSELEY'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE SHEBANDOWAN LAKE: A RELIC OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION, 1870



MAPLE GROVE ON A FARM NEAR BRANDON



12,000 ACRES OF WHEAT AS SEEN FROM A MILL AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

A NEW CANADIAN RAILWAY

The opening of the Canadian Northern Railway at the beginning of the year was the occasion of a great gathering of Canadian notabilities at Port Arthur, and of a banquet to Mr. William Mackenzie, the Company's President, and Mr. D. D. Mann, its Vice-President, who were the originators of the railway. This new imperial highway is at once seen to be of vast importance when one examines the important regions it will develop. Port Arthur occupies in Canada the place which is filled in the United States by Duluth. It is the granary of the country. Here between the months of October and May is collected the harvest of the Great North-West, awaiting the opening of the navigation of Lake Superior, to be shipped through the chain of great lakes mainly to such ports as Buffalo on Lake Erie and Owen Sound on Lake Huron, and to some extent direct to Montreal and Quebec *via* Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. At Port Arthur, and Fort William a few miles off, the Canadian Pacific Railway has elevators capable of storing some ten million bushels of wheat, and the Canadian Northern Railway

has already built at Port Arthur elevators with a storage capacity of two and a half million bushels. Altogether at these points there is annually handled between ninety and ninety-six per cent of the entire crop of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, only the small balance of four to ten per cent. taking the expensive all-rail route to the St. Lawrence. On leaving Port Arthur the Canadian Northern Railway passes south of the Lake of the Woods to the Manitoba frontier, a distance of 325 miles. For the first 200 miles it passes through the most magnificent mountain scenery. Leaving the Kaministiquia Falls, which, for size and effect, are not unworthy of comparison with Niagara, it runs by the Kaministiquia River until its junction with the Mattawan River, which latter it follows along its wild and rugged course for close on 150 miles, waterfalls and cataracts succeeding one another in close succession. The range of mountains traversed is known as the Iron Mountain Range from the great deposits of iron ore which they contain. From these deposits the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railways of the United States derive annually through two subsidiary lines, the Duluth and Iron Range Railway and the Duluth

Missabi and Northern Railway, the greatest earning per mile secured by any railway on the continent. Enormous deposits of many millions of tons have been traced and proved by diamond drill, and are already being developed on the Canadian Northern Railway. To accommodate this traffic the company are now building great iron ore bins and docks on Lake Superior. Leaving the Iron Range Mountains the railway enters and passes for some 1,100 miles through the finest agricultural and grain-producing country in the world. Following the beautiful Rainy River along its wide and fertile valley it enters Manitoba and passes diagonally from the south-east corner to the north-west corner of the province.

Throughout almost the entire distance magnificent wheat-fields are in sight, and it will not be long before the country which is not already under cultivation is taken up, and the whole line will run through one continuous wheat-field. This year Manitoba has had an exceptional crop, the wheat yield reaching close on fifty-five million bushels. This has mostly been harvested from the southern half of the province, which the Canadian Northern intersects with many branches. On one of these branches, that from Morris to

Hartney, the writer travelled this year for 149 miles, certainly without ever being out of sight of vast wheat-fields, and the intervals where the wheat was not actually alongside were so infrequent and short that it does not give an inaccurate idea to say that for 149 miles we travelled through one gigantic field of waving wheat as far as the eye could reach on either side and coming up to within a few feet of the axles of the train. A more impressive sight cannot be conceived.

All that this country now requires is population, and how well our overcrowded England could spare from 50,000 to 100,000 of her sons to people this great colony. This summer the one great difficulty that the farmer had to contend with was the impossibility of securing labour. Before the harvest upwards of 20,000 labourers were brought from all parts of Eastern Canada, some even from England, by the energy of Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High Commissioner. The writer was present at Winnipeg Station as five or six trains a day steamed in packed with these workers. They were met at the station by agents from every small township in the Province, and they seemed to disappear and be absorbed by the country as quickly as they came. Forty-eight hours after the last trainload had come in there were not ten of these men to be met with in the streets of Winnipeg. They were paid from 7s. to 9s. a day, with food and lodging found. No man need starve in Manitoba if he will work, nor need he lack a good and comfortable home, and these facts cannot be too widely known throughout agricultural England. The Province wants emigrants, good sturdy men and women, but what of all other things it wants is emigrants drawn from sections of the community accustomed to tilling the soil and living by the soil. During the recent trips over the Canadian Northern Railway the writer made the acquaintance of many farmers who have settled in the country in the past ten years, and took a good deal of pains to meet and talk with as many settlers and classes of settlers as possible. Not one, but a large number, extending to a considerable percentage of the population left Great Britain within the past ten years with less than 20/- in their pocket, and are to-day prosperous, happy men. He visited one particular farm, surrounded with trees, with its own spacious stabling freshly painted, and well furnished inside with every comfort, and the owner told him that eleven years ago he was a clerk in Finch Lane, London, E.C., and that when he arrived in Manitoba he had only 11/- in his pocket, and that this year he was marketing 70,000 bushels of wheat.

PING-PONG has even invaded Turkish and Egyptian harems, where the inmates find the game a very welcome diversion to their monotonous existence.

The Rescue of Miss Stone

OUR Special Artist, Mr. W. T. Maud, has now completed the story of the capture and release of the American missionary, Miss Ellen Stone, who, after five and a half months' captivity, has at length been set at liberty. For twenty years Miss Stone has been in Macedonia carrying on her work, but on September 3, last

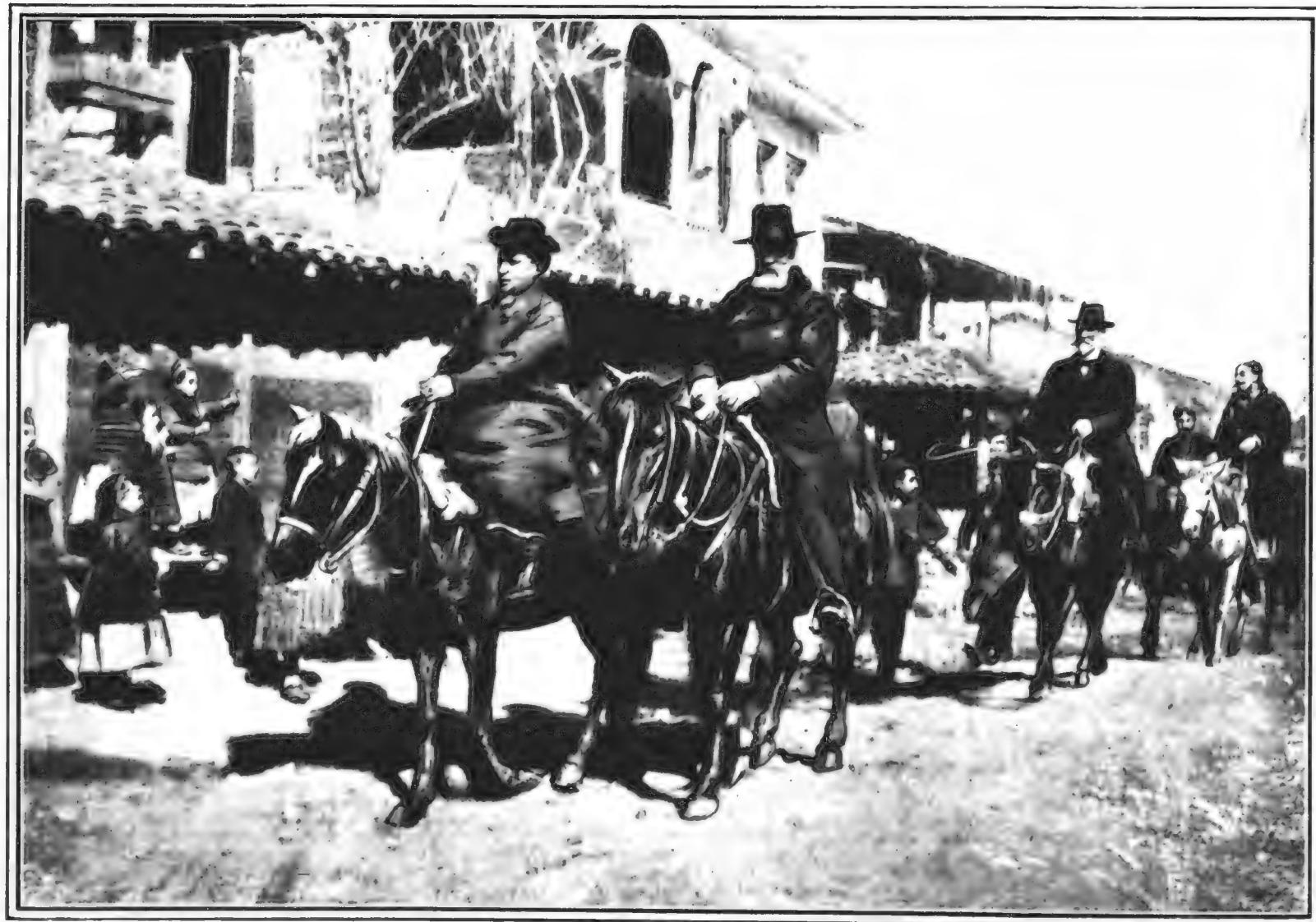
autumn, while on her way to Djumamali with a caravan, which was provided with military escort, she stopped in a village midway to attend the funeral of a native *protégé*. After this brief delay she set out an hour or two behind the soldiers, in company with M. and Madame Ligord and one or two others. Within a short distance of the village the whole party were seized and taken to a forest, where they were forced to spend the night. In the morning Miss Stone and her friend, Madame Ligord, were told that they must consider themselves prisoners, while their companions were set free. The brigands escaped to Bulgaria, and then followed the demands for a ransom of 25,000/-, and the official suggestion by Turkey that Miss Stone and her friend were voluntary prisoners. Subsequently this demand was reduced to 14,000/-, which was raised in America by subscription, and the later developments are recent history.

To the enterprise of the *Daily Graphic* we are indebted for by far the fullest and most picturesque account of the negotiations for release, and Mr. W. T. Maud, the Special Correspondent of that paper, has for many weeks been on the track of the prisoners. In a series of admirable illustrated articles he has set forth the characteristics of the country and people, and the immense difficulties in the way of obtaining any definite information as to the precise whereabouts of the unfortunate ladies. His assiduity, however, was rewarded at last, and he was the sole representative of the Press of Europe and America at the first meeting of the captives and their deliverers. The prisoners were released near Strumitza by the brigands, and thither the American Mission and Mr. Maud journeyed to see them. M. Ligord was not allowed to accompany the party (desperately anxious though he was to see his wife and the baby born in captivity), because the authorities would not believe that he had not connived at the capture. Mr. Maud's account of the actual meeting of rescuers and rescued is very curious and characteristic. When the party arrived at Strumitza after a toilsome journey:—“In an overhanging house at the corner of the street I saw two women looking from an upper window, and one of them held a baby in her arms. They were utter strangers to me, but I knew them at a glance.” In company with Mr. Gargiulo, of the American Legation, who had engineered all the negotiations and brought them to a successful issue, Mr. Maud entered the house, and after a brief delay, “the rescuers and the rescued were face to face at last. I had prepared myself for an affecting scene, something, perhaps, that would recall the relief of Ladysmith. The reception accorded by Miss Stone and Madame Ligord to the man who had played the principal part in their release was doubtless American, but it was disappointing. They greeted him, as they greeted me, with a hearty shake of the hand, and smilingly acknowledged our congratulations, but nothing more. Was it the blighting presence of a newspaper correspondent that closed their lips, or was it that they



Paris has been celebrating the centenary of Victor Hugo's birth, and the programme included the unveiling of the monument erected by public subscription on a site near the poet's former residence. The sculptor, M. Ernest Barrias, has represented Hugo at a time when he was in the maturity of his genius, at the age of fifty, with clean-shaven face and long hair. The figure is seated on a rock by the waves. On the right of the statue is Dramatic Poetry holding a mask, and on the left Lyric Poetry offering the poet a lyre. Behind the central figure is Fame blowing a trumpet above a trophy of arms and flags. The pedestal is further decorated by fine bas-reliefs in bronze modelled by M. Allar and M. Barrias. Our photograph, which is by Ch. Chusseau Flavien, was taken during the ceremony.

THE NEW MONUMENT TO VICTOR HUGO



Miss Stone

Mr. Gargiulo

Dr. House

THE RANSOMED LADY MISSIONARIES: MISS STONE ON HER WAY TO SALONICA

From a Photograph by our Special Artist, W. T. Maud

were weak and exhausted by the terrible experience of their long imprisonment? If the latter was the cause there was certainly no trace of it apparent, for both ladies assured us that they were in perfect health, and their good looks bore them out. . . . Madame Ligord's baby was presented to the company by her mother, who was evidently very proud of her. For a child of seven weeks she was wonderfully big and strong, and it was something to know that in spite of the exposure to the elements and the want of proper clothing she had never once suffered from a chill or any other disorder." Subsequently the party journeyed to Salonca and hence to Constantinople, and now the incident is closed, except that the heroine of it will undoubtedly write a detailed narrative of her adventures as soon as she is free to speak.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE influenza has disorganised society completely. Not only are public men absent from their places in the House of Commons, but even amusements and entertainments have suffered. One can sympathise with Mrs. Tree taken ill on the eve of a new production to which she has been looking forward, and the fact of her season being so short must have rendered the blighting of her hopes all the keener. When one reflects, it is really astonishing how year out, year in, the energetic caterers for the public pleasure manage to keep their health, and pursue their work; until it becomes a foregone conclusion that artists shall be expected never to disappoint their audience. Yet the strain of acting night after night, and the risks of catching cold when going in all weathers to a theatre, would, one might suppose, increase their liability to illness. As a matter of fact, it does not. That is why the busy, as a rule, live longer than the idle.

In Mr. George Russell's amusing article on the changes of society habits and the manners of eating, he mentions that "fish-knives and silver biscuit-boxes were undreamt of horrors. To eat one's fish with two forks was the *cachet* of a certain circle." I am not sure whether fish-knives are now quite the correct thing. Certainly the idea of a knife, either for fish or fruit (except a silver one), would have horrified our grandmothers, and it is more convenient, as the Shah of Persia realised, to eat asparagus with one's fingers. Perhaps that dread of fingers is a remnant of gentility that apes fine manners, holds its tea-cup with the little finger curved, and minces its meat and its words.

Lady Malmesbury, in her turn, has been writing about other changes, which she contemplates with forebodings. She thinks that the trend of society is towards self-indulgence and the humanitarianism which means indulgence for the sins of others. Society, she anticipates, will grow more and more cosmopolitan and highly educated. That may be so, but, up to the present, we have lost the stateliness and reticence of our predecessors, their tact and their good breeding without apparently increasing our sum of real knowledge or useful thought. Our grandmothers said "yaller" and "chaney," but they answered their letters, and made time for interesting conversation and serious reading; they also lived in their country seats, and looked after their poor people, and were not flying all over the country, motoring, golfing, or playing bridge. Women had homes, and they sometimes honoured them with their presence, and even, like the pillar of the Tory party of whom Mr. Russell speaks, who rebuked his wife for poking the fire, they sometimes remembered they were countesses and that "*noblesse oblige*."

A recent action in the law courts and several sad suicides, accidental or otherwise, impress one with the fact that people are growing terribly careless about the use and abuse of drugs. A girl cannot sleep for a night or two, so she flies to chloral, a student overworks himself, he takes morphia, public speakers suck cocaine lozenges, and beautiful women condescend to opium and stimulants. It is all very sad and serious. The *morbia* habit is the most enslaving and the most dangerous of all. It wrecks the moral character, the will, the brain. Anything and everything may be anticipated of the morphia maniac, and the beginning of it all is so easy and so insidious. Women especially yield to it when once adopted, on the smallest provocation, for low spirits, for a tiny indisposition, or the promise of pleasure. It haunts and dogs their life, poisons their most innocent joys, and leaves them indifferent to the tenderest ties. What the future of a drug-taking nation would be one trembles to imagine. At any rate, "The Confessions of an Opium Eater" give one a pretty good idea.

Music Notes

ON Coronation Day, the attention of the public will naturally be centred in the proceedings at Westminster Abbey. There will, nevertheless, almost certainly be a special musical service at St. Paul's Cathedral in celebration of the Coronation, although it will probably not take place until the following Sunday. In St. Paul's, by the way, a convenient panel in the first aisle outside the choir rails has been found for the tablet to Sir Arthur Sullivan's memory. The space, which is in a capital light, is immediately opposite the statue of Hallam, the historian.

Messrs. Chappell's season of Ballad Concerts came to an end at St. James's Hall this week. The season has been more interesting than usual, partly owing, no doubt, to the diversity of the programmes. At the concert last week, for example, was produced by Madame Eldé, for the first time, a monologue entitled "The Eternal Feminine," with music by Madame Liza Lehmann. It is a delightful little love story of a Parisian art student who has had a tiff with her lover, to whom, as she declares, she will never speak again. A very ordinary letter received from him, however, causes her entirely to alter her mind, and to rush in wild delight from the room to put on his favourite dress. Mr. Farka has, during the season, been a prime favourite at these concerts, and his amusing French adaptation of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" has especially caused a great deal of amusement. The instrumental portion included some violin solos by M. Johannes Wolff, and duets for the violin and the Mustel organ, played by Miss Elsie Southgate and Mr. James Coward.

Messrs. Boosey's Ballad Concerts at Queen's Hall will continue until the early part of May. At the concert last Saturday two new ballads were successfully produced—namely, a contralto song, "My Ships," by Mr. Augustus Barratt, sung by Madame Clara Butt; and Madame Liza Lehmann's baritone song, "A Tuscan Serenade," sung by Mr. Ranalow.

The ninetieth season of the Philharmonic Society opened last week, when Herr Sauer was the chief attraction, he giving a magnificent performance of the immensely difficult, though rather dry, Concerto in F minor of Henselt. On Monday, however, he announced a Pianoforte Recital with a much more varied programme, including a group of Chopin pieces, whereof the Nocturne in D Flat was delightfully rendered, and Schumann's Fantasy in C. After a second recital on Wednesday he returned to Vienna. The only novelty at the Philharmonic was a portion of a suite entitled "Mother Carey," by that promising young English composer, Mr. W. H. Bell.

Madame Albani and Mr. Santley on Friday took part in a charitable Concert at St. James's Hall. The occasion was the great baritone's sixty-eighth birthday. It is rare, of course, that a singer of such mature age is still before the public, and rarer still that his voice is so admirably preserved as that of Mr. Santley. He celebrated the occasion by reviving some former favourite ballads, such as "Bid Me to Live" and "Simon the Cellarer." Madame Albani was at her best in Massenet's "L'Extase de la Vierge," in which Miss Purcell played the harp obbligato.



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DINNER TOILETTES

Our Bookshelf

"IN THE WORLD OF MIMES"

MR. LEWIS MELVILLE, who is, perhaps, best known for his volume on Thackeray, which was very favourably reviewed in these columns, has now turned his attention to the stage, and his novel, "In the World of Mimes" (Greening and Co.), gives a picture of life in provincial touring companies and in London "stage-land." Mr. Melville has obviously been at the pains to work up his subject very thoroughly. Every page of his book shows that he writes from inside knowledge, therefore, none need be surprised that the career of his hero, who, losing all his money, elects to make a living on the stage, is an object-lesson in the nature of a deterrent to those with stage ambitions. And this is so, although George Wurfe is singularly successful on the whole, for from "walking on" in a fifth-rate provincial company he arrives at being a highly successful dramatist. In truth, though, it is a dingy world inhabited by dingy people on which Mr. Melville lifts the veil, and nowhere is this shown more than in the weak-kneed hero's relations with the two women who influence his life. When he is made a fool of by the one it is impossible to sympathise with him, and when he is unhappy with the second it is hard to feel that he has got less than he deserves. But sympathy for his characters is not what Mr. Melville claims. His novel, if we understand it rightly, is an elaborate analysis of types of people who adopt the stage professionally, and is intended to show, first, the effect of acting on temperament, and, secondly, of temperament thus modified on character. As such it is undeniably interesting.

"LUKE DELMEGE"

The Rev. P. A. Sheehan is obtaining, or, rather, already holds, a unique position in Irish fiction. Irish priests in fiction we have had in abundance, of all sorts and kinds, and occupying every possible and impossible rôle, from the tragedian to the buffoon's, but it is only through the priest himself that the Saxon—poor fellow!—can ever hope to reach the "true inwardness" of the Irish character, for nobody else knows it, or can know it, through and through. "Luke Delmege" (Longmans, Green and Co.) is not the first piece of service rendered by its author towards breaking through what he calls the mere piece of "tissue paper" that constitutes the barrier between the two races; but, in the more important point of value, it is second to none. Scarcely a distinctive feature of Irish peasant life is omitted—the inevitable ejection least of all—and yet, even the most familiar incidents, and, perhaps, these the most, are presented from a standpoint that somehow makes them look different from what they ever seemed before. No doubt the author has his own special purpose in his portrait of the young priest Luke, who having, with the best intentions, taken up his work by the wrong end, has to grope about through many bitter blunders till he manages at last to find the right one. But to the general reader the novel—story it can scarcely be called—appeals by its profoundly national blend of pathos and humour; the latter, moreover, flowing spontaneously out of anything and everything, and having no more resemblance to the forced brand of the ordinary Irish novel than has a real Munsterman to his counterpart on the stage. "Luke Delmege" is not to be read in a hurry. It is long, but a good many hours will be well and enjoyably spent in its leisurely perusal.



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The reverse of this medal, which has been designed and modelled by Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., represents the Imperial Crown upon which the sun never sets, supported by the British Oak and surrounded by the national emblems of England, Scotland and Ireland. The medal is issued by the Birmingham Mint, Limited, in bronze and silver.

A CORONATION MEDAL

"LADY GWENDOLINE"

"Lady Gwendoline," by Thomas Cobb (Grant Richards), is a capitalised devised tangle, out of which the most experienced novel-reader may be defied to tell how the two pairs of lovers whom it concerns can possibly emerge. As almost always happens, the *dénouement* is very much less interesting than the tangle—the only right way of dealing with knots was taught by Alexander the Great once for all. However, nobody who takes up the novel will willingly lay it down till the end is well in view; or, at any rate, until the road to it has become clear. Mr. Cobb has very properly left portraiture to take care of itself; in such cases it is what happens to people that interests—not the people themselves. None the less, the portraiture does take care of itself, very fairly well. The return of capable novelists to the plot, pure and simple, is increasing evidence of a pleasant and wholesome change.

"CHARLOTTE"

The "heroine" of L. B. Walford's "Charlotte" (Longmans, Green and Co.) is a fascinating young woman, with a heart no bigger than a hempead and no principles at all, who, after a triumphant career of breaking full-sized hearts, concludes it as a *divorce*, shrieking with tipsy laughter among a party of "dreadful men with dreadful faces applauding and exciting her, and she the only woman there." The moral—that of the bay-tree—is irreproachable; and it must be added that the character of Charlotte, as clever and brilliant as even her author can make her, with just a seed of potential, but abortive, good in her, and, for the rest, a first-class adept in her business of life-wrecking, is full of life and vigour. Her influence is felt, as well as described. It is, no doubt, easy to imagine her presentiment—say by "Gyp," for example—more effectively and crisply in half as many words. But that a thing might be done better, or even much better, does not mean that it is not done well.

FOUNDED ON FICTION

Everybody is familiar with the profession of fiction to be "founded on fact." The anonymous "Reminiscences of Sir Barrington Beaumont, Bart., now, by permission of his Great-Grandson, Published for the First Time" (Grant Richards), may be more aptly described as fact founded on fiction: it is much less a historical romance than a romantic history. Sir Barrington is supposed to be a wealthy young gentleman whose memoirs extend from about 1775 to 1810, and whose love story, ending in a happy marriage, is little more than an ornamental fringe to the career of Axel, Count Fersen, famous for his failure to effect the escape of Louis XVI., and Queen Marie Antoinette in 1791, and for his murder by a Revolutionary mob at Stockholm some twenty years later. Fersen is portrayed as an amiable, chivalrous, and romantic but decidedly futile personage, eminent for loftiness as distinguished from strength of character—an account of him which may be taken as true. His devotion to the Queen is that of a paragon of knight hood, while her reception of it is no less ideally noble. A picture of Parisian Society before the Revolution is as rose-coloured as it certainly appeared to many a rich and well-received young Englishman of the period; and a curious feature of the book is the courageous simplicity with which the author has collected all the stock-mots of Horace Walpole, George Selwyn, and their set, and made a mosaic of them in their conversations with Sir Barrington. On the whole, a fairly interesting story is made the vehicle for conveying a very effective picture of its time.

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Mr. Edward Clodd's brief life of Huxley in Messrs. Blackwood's series of "Modern English Writers," is excellently adapted for those who have perhaps neither time nor opportunity for digesting the two volumes in which Mr. Leonard Huxley set forth his father's life. Mr. Clodd frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to the "Life and Letters," but he is indebted to no one for the very admirable chapters in which he has expounded most lucidly the great scientist's work and methods. One may wish to know more after reading Mr. Clodd's book, but it is, in itself, quite sufficient to show the lovable, truth-loving nature of the man who did almost more than Darwin himself to make the world accept the doctrine of evolution, and even those most in disagreement with Huxley's views can hardly put down this volume without feeling a new admiration for the man.

Messrs. Macmillan, we notice, have just issued a sixpenny reprint of Huxley's "Lectures and Essays," and few books deserve a larger sale. It is not merely that the writer was the master of a most lucid style which made simple the most abstruse subject on which he touched, but his views were so eminently sane and breezy, he saw so clearly the main issue in every question, and was never led aside by trivialities, that every line he wrote is worth reading.

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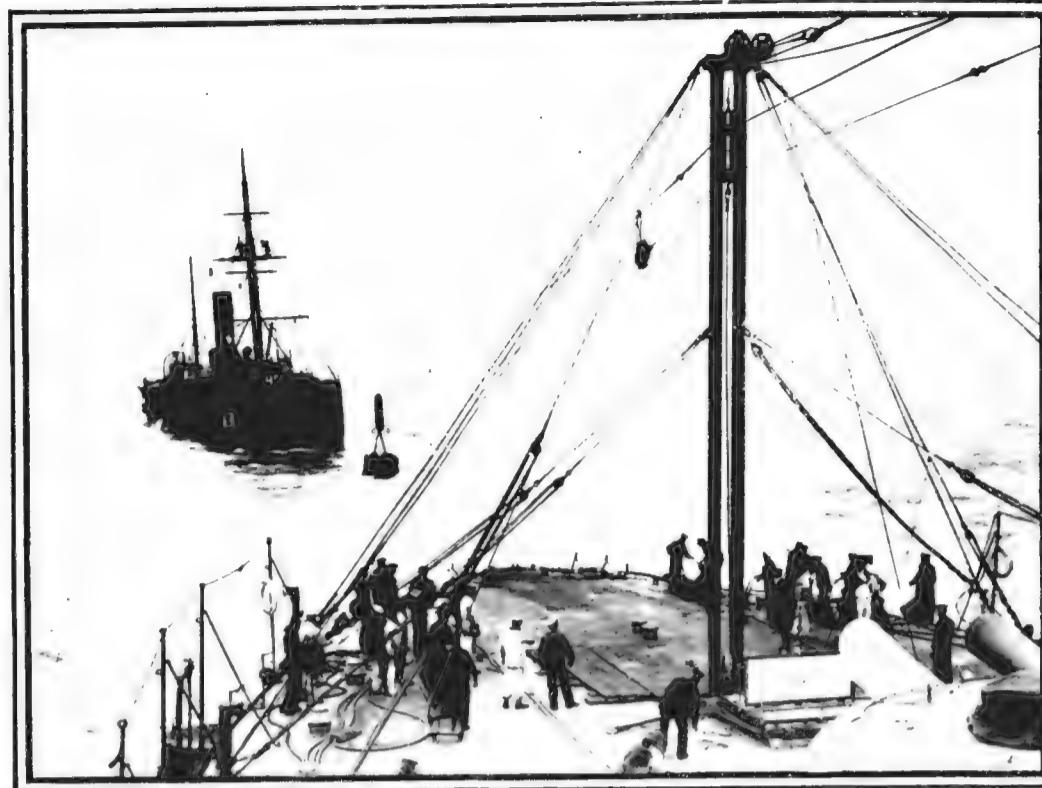
Messrs. Cassell and Co. have issued the first volume of an elaborate illustrated catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery, uniform in style with the National Gallery catalogue published a year or two since. The work is published by authority of the Trustees, and is edited by Mr. Lionel Cust, the director of the Gallery. It is produced in the finest style, and is completely illustrated, which is to say that a good reproduction is given of every subject on the page opposite the text description. These photographic reproductions, which leave nothing to be desired, apart from the value of the book as a catalogue, make it a volume of the deepest interest to look through in a leisure hour.

A RIDE IN MOROCCO

This narrative of wanderings "among believers and traders" by Frances Macnab (Arnold) gives a series of very vivid pictures of Moorish life and character. It is written in a pleasant, discursive manner, but the authoress gives plenty of evidence that she is a shrewd observer, with plenty of sympathy for strange ways of thought and dive types of Orientals. Some of the most interesting passages in the book are accounts of conversations with different Moors, but the most important section is, without doubt, that which is devoted to the British in Morocco. According to the writer:—

British diplomacy in Morocco furnishes a remarkable instance of intellectual dry-rot. It is difficult for the British public at home to picture official Englishmen allying themselves with the policy of "maintaining the *status quo*" in Morocco. If the *status quo* has any meaning at all, it signifies the existence of a cruel and rapacious band of officials called the Shereefian Court, who rob and oppress the poor, cheat the foreign merchants whenever they can, and defraud the Sultan. In full knowledge of the acuteness of this position, with the bitter cry of these suffering people in their ears, the Western Powers callously pursue their course, using Morocco as a pawn in the games of politics, while their representatives are open to more than suspicion of practice which, to say the least, is sharp.

The all-important Consular Service is underpaid, and "a man may obtain a Consulate or Vice-Consulate because his father was an official, or because his brother is at Court, or because his mother knows 'somebody at the Foreign Office.' It is not even necessary



Experiments in coaling at sea have lately been made by the Reserve Squadron. The collier *Muriel*, which had been fitted up with the new apparatus, was taken in tow by the *Trafalgar*, and coaling was successfully carried out when the vessel was going at a speed of about ten knots. The coal bags were hoisted into the fore-top of the collier, and swung or hauled thence along the cableway to the upright girder on the quarter-deck of the battleship, and then deposited or "dumped down" on to the deck, to be carried off by the ship's company in trolleys in the usual way, and stowed in the ship's bunkers. Working at sea under contract conditions, the apparatus brought across and placed on board the *Trafalgar* an average of thirty tons of coal an hour. Our photograph is by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

COALING A WARSHIP AT SEA

that the man should be English. He may be German (as, I believe, is the case in Rome). He need not even be a European; a half-breed will do to represent British merchants, if he is only nominally white. The farther you get from the Legations the better you will find things, I was told. . . . So far as our prestige is concerned, a Moor who was talking politics with me implied that France was exacting, but the English Sultan did not mind if people did not do all they promised." Certainly if half what the authoress states is true there would seem to be good cause for the waning of British prestige in Morocco:—

The children of this world make to themselves friends as prudential considerations dictate, and though people at home may be slow in realising the unpalatable truth, there is a population in the world which has learnt the fact that "it does not pay to be British." British subjects suffer because they are British, and British authorities permit it with callous indifference. This treachery—this want of frank friendship and definite aim—has lost us loyal support, and converted wavering friends into decided foes, nor has it conciliated a single enemy. "Perfidie Albion" is not a meaningless term. We are perfidious to those who are most loyal to us.

If there were not an impress of care and truth about the record of this journey one would hesitate to give so much prominence to the writer's strictures, but there certainly seems ground for reform.

THE BRITISH-OWNED CATTLE-FARMS OF URUGUAY, THE HOME OF LEMCO AND OXO.

IT is a land of rolling prairies and bounding watercourses, where fogs are a fiction and dull grey English winters are unknown. The country watered by the Rio de la Plata is the best country in the world for cattle-farming: owing to its small variations of temperature and the presence of water nearly everywhere the grass is kept in perfect condition.

Our readers may be surprised to hear that Uruguay supports more cattle per acre than any other country in the world, the following being the stock of horned cattle in the principal cattle-producing countries:—

	Area (Square Miles).	Number of Cattle.
Australasia	3,173,882	10,000,000
Argentina	1,212,000	28,000,000
Uruguay	72,173	7,000,000

It is these facts which led the Directors of Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, upon its formation in London in 1865, to turn their eyes to the Republic of Uruguay. Within two or three years the necessary buildings were erected and land secured in and around Fray Bentos on the Uruguay River, a hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, the Argentine capital.

508,000 ACRES

And now, less than forty years after the first establishment in South America, how does the record stand? A simple array of facts will best form an answer to the question. The Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, Limited, the proprietors of the meat extract known as "Lemco" and the fluid beef "Oxo," own and rent, at the present time, thirteen cattle farms, with an area of 508,000 acres—an area three times the size of the County of Middlesex—the largest farm being of

105,000 acres. To these farms the Liebig Company ship pure-bred stock every year or so to improve the strain, drawing upon the choice breeds of English cattle for this purpose, and so keeping unimpaired the quality of the meat which comes back to Europe in concentrated form.

In the middle of the opposite page is a picture of English Herefords before shipment to the River Plate. This breed is preferred to all others, as Herefords carry the largest amount of meat per head, and are found to adapt themselves most readily to the conditions of life in the River Plate.

The farms, or *estancias* as they are called, are fenced off into paddocks of 2,000 to 5,000 acres by wire fencing. Herdsman's cottages are dotted all over the *estancias*, in order to keep a watch over the herds by day and night, but, notwithstanding every precaution, it sometimes happens that



CATTLE ON THE MARCH, SHOWING GAUCHOS POSTED ROUND A HERD



HEREFORD



HIGHLAND



LONGHORN



SHORTHORN

Types of Lemco Cattle.

THE GREATEST TRAVELLER

And from every part of the world you can hear of it, for it has travelled everywhere—with Stanley across Darkest Africa; to the highest mountain tops with Whymper; with expeditions against the hill tribes of India, under Lord Roberts; to the North Polar regions; with the *Discovery*, now bound for the South Polar regions—and everywhere, in hot countries, or in cold, "Lemco" remains the same and receives the same tribute of praise.

IN DARKEST AFRICA

Stanley's testimony as to the efficacy of Lemco is a striking instance of its power of reviving an almost exhausted frame. On one of the explorer's marches in the heart of the Dark Continent soon after the advance party had reached camp, a cold and heavy shower of rain fell. "It demoralised many in the column," says Stanley, "their failing energies and their impoverished systems were not proof against cold. Madis and Zanzibaris dropped their loads in the road, and rushed helter-skelter for the camp. One Madis managed to crawl near my tent, wherein a candle was lit, for in a rainstorm the forest even in daylight is as dark as on an ordinary night in grassland. Hearing him groan, I issued out with the candle and

have always set aside a certain amount of their cubic space as a special and not-to-be-encroached-upon corner. *Multum in parvo* is the explorer's motto, and as Lemco is the most concentrated form of beef known, it is a prime favourite. You will see the little blue-signed jars everywhere; up in the Alps, on the rough tables of the

ALPINE HUTS

they are common objects. Climbers, of all people in the world, must not be burdened, but, whatever else they may cast away in the weariness of a long, severe climb among the snow peaks, they do not throw away a Lemco jar until they have assimilated its contents. It is a *vade mecum* to the last. As to its sustaining power, there is nothing like experience; the Company's *clientèle* lies in countries with a population of 900 millions, and this constitutes an overwhelming testimony to the value of the Extract.

Such an article as Lemco is now indispensable to hospitals, soup kitchens and hotels, to doctors, nurses, mountaineers, athletes, explorers, soldiers, and even to the ordinary household. The Liebig Company have not forgotten the ordinary household, for they have prepared for their use a Cookery Book, given gratis to all who ask for it, with suggestions as to 180 ways in which the Extract can be employed.

THE CITY'S TRIBUTE

And take the test of finance. How does Lemco stand "in the City"? The shares of the Liebig Company were once at a discount; and now? Now they are dealt in at 350 per cent. premium, and each holder of three original shares has received a free gift of one share, 20/-, fully paid, which shares are dealt in at 90/- to-day. And the Company has paid out 2,587,000/- in dividends!!

That, in view of these facts, the Liebig Company should have many would-be imitators is not surprising; some of whom are not altogether unwilling to trade on its reputation. It is for this reason that they have adopted the title "Lemco" (a word made from the initials of the Company), because the law has allowed that a person may call his article "Liebig's Extract," although the only Extract with which Baron Liebig was ever connected is that of "The Liebig Company." This is a point which should be well noted by the public

who may be led by the use of the name "Liebig" to imagine they are purchasing the material of the Liebig Company, when they are really buying an imitation of that article. The name "Lemco" and the signature "J. v. Liebig" in blue on the label, are the guarantees the public should go by.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

Most people are interested in the articles forming their daily food, but the above description is already so long that we cannot more than mention the enormous business which results from the disposal of the by-products from the Lemco cattle-farms. One is bewildered in thinking of the magnitude of a business which supplies medical comforts to every country in the world, and, as a sort of offshoot, provides leather for our bags and boots, tallow for soap and candles, horns for cutlery, tongues for our tables, special food for our invalids, and patent fertilisers to make our corn grow.

THOSE VENTURESCOME FISH

The secret of the firm's unbroken dividends for thirty-seven years, averaging over 17½ per cent. per annum, lies in the marvellous elimination of waste, and the utilisation of every ounce of every individual bullock in the manufacture of by-products, after the best parts have been used for Lemco and Oxo. It is a boast of the Americans that elimination of waste in the Chicago stockyards is carried to so fine a point that everything is utilised except the animals' squeals; but the Liebig Company, with British thoroughness, go one better than even the hustling American. It is done in this way. The copious supplies of water with which the Company's slaughterhouses are frequently doused and cleansed, run into the River Uruguay, close by, carrying away bits of refuse here and there. These little tit-bits are eagerly sought for and devoured by lively crowds of fish with which the river teems, but, alas, in their turn the fish are caught in huge nets, and the oil which they yield produces the gas by which the Company's enormous factories are lighted!



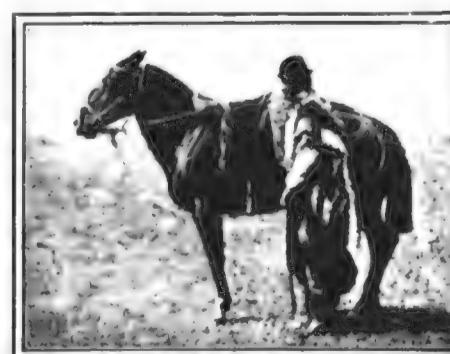
HEREFORD CATTLE IN ENGLAND

Photo by C. Reid, Wishaw

found the naked body rigid in the mud, unable to move. . . . He was at once borne to a fire, and laid within a few inches of it, and with the addition of a pint of hot broth made from Lemco we restored him to his senses."

A CONSIDERATION WHEN PACKING

To keep one's impedimenta down to the smallest possible dimensions is the golden rule, especially in expeditions of exploration where the cost of transport is immense, and has many a time seriously impaired the efficacy and



A GAUCHO

value of the researches which they were intended to promote. So that knowing, as they very well do, that a two-ounce jar of Lemco, which takes up but little room in a knapsack, case, or sack, will make sixteen cups of excellent beef tea, and that nothing but hot water is wanted for it, travellers

the cattle in a paddock will become frightened, and stampede in a body, carrying away fences and everything that comes in

WHERE DE WET LEARNT HIS LESSON
their way, and it is no doubt from this fact that De Wet got his idea for breaking through the British blockhouse line by driving his herds of cattle against the fences.

The Company's cattle farms carry a stock of some 125,000 horned cattle, which are inspected by the company's veterinaries, and all the four-year-olds in prime condition are divided off ready for the drovers, or Gauchos. The Gauchos thoroughly understand the business, having been trained to it all their lives. Having collected the herds, they surround the cattle to keep them together by day, and to act as sentinels by night.

ADVENTUROUS JOURNEYS

Twelve men are needed for a drove of a thousand head. The wilder of the young bullocks afford plenty of excitement during the journey. The travelling is done in easy stages, halts being made at the various *estancias*, or cattle farms, along the route, the owners being compelled by law to afford food and water to passing cattle at a fixed tariff, an arrangement by which the condition of the cattle is maintained up to the time of their arrival at their destination.

The end of the journey is the Pileta Estancia, which extends for 40,000 acres at the back of the town of Fray Bentos, the seat of the Company's enormous factories. This *estancia* contains a large artificial lake of several hundred acres, constructed by the Liebig Company by damming up a river course, beside the waters of which the herds are allowed to rest for several days. They are then driven into corrals (round pens), which are capable of holding some 1,500 head, whence they are conducted by two or three decoys over to the slaughter-houses, the decoys turning round at the last moment and slinking back to lure another herd from the corral.

2,000 HEAD IN A DAY

Few people have any idea of the magnitude of the Lemco and Oxo businesses. Not infrequently as many as 2,000 head of cattle are killed in a day, representing enough beef to feed over a million people. Since the Company began business over five and a half million head of cattle have been killed, over 300,000 tons of coal have been consumed in the manufacture of the Extract, surely the greatest kitchen in the world—and over £90,000 has been paid to our Government by way of Income Tax. Since the beginning of the Boer War the product of 21,000 bullocks (equal to twenty-four million cups of beef tea) has been supplied to the British Army in South Africa. Fray Bentos has grown from a small workshop to a town with hospital, reading-rooms, club, and town band—centre of a gigantic and flourishing trade, a triumph of science, organisation and management.

SCRUPULOUS CLEANLINESS

All who have visited this great factory have been impressed, not only by its size, but by the perfection of its arrangements, sanitary and mechanical. The machinery, which has cost a half-million sterling, is of the most modern and effective kind. Fresh air, unlimited fresh water, scrupulous cleanliness, the elimination of waste in every department such are the main characteristics of this model factory.

THE COOLING CHAMBERS

The process of the manufacture of Lemco, brought by science and experience to the highest pitch of perfection, is, of course, on a gigantic scale. All the bone, fat, and gristle being carefully removed from the beef it is hung up in immense cooling chambers (with beautifully clean tiled floors and walls) through which fresh air has free passage. After having hung for twelve hours, the evaporating apparatuses and special machinery of the Company's own invention come into play, and all the valuable and essential properties of the meat are retained by their operation. Resident chemists watch the whole process, and every batch of the manufactured product is carefully tested and analysed before it is put on the market. It is then packed in large tins, hermetically sealed, shipped to Europe, re-packed in the familiar little stone jars with the blue signature "J. v. Liebig" and the word "Lemco," and so reshipped to every part of the world.

SHAKESPEARE



saves his

BACon.

For even he recommended PEARS' SOAP;
thus he says—

"For SOAP—PEARS"^(sic)

Vide HENRY V. ACT III. Chorus—Line 16.

DR. DE JONCH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

The Most Efficacious Remedy for Diseases of the

CHEST, THROAT, DEBILITY, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, RICKETS, &c.

It is sold by all Chemists in Capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s. See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

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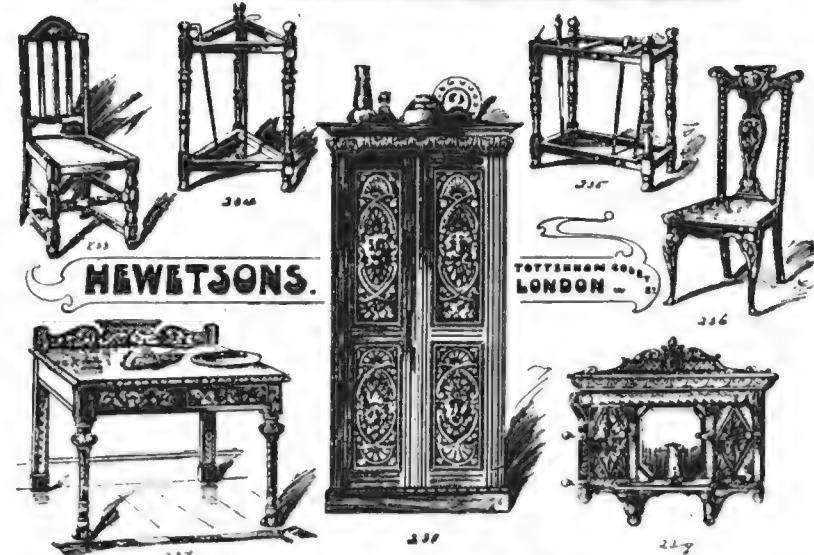
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in the British Dominions.

The former Agents for this Filter, namely, the Berkefeld Filter Company, Limited, no longer supply the BERKEFELD FILTER, as their Agency for the Manufacturers has ceased since the 31st December last.

The BERKEFELD FILTER has the
Largest Output of Germ-proof Water of
any Filter in the World.

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English Carved Oak Furniture.

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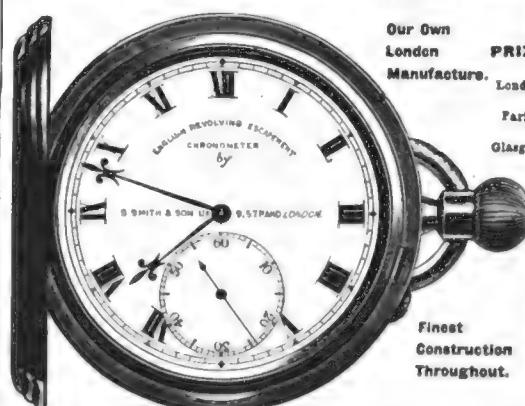
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From £17 12s. to £100.



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good, Class A Kew Certificate, 84½ marks, £100. Crystal Open Face,
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The Revolving or Tourbillon Escapement is the last and most important
improvement in watchmaking; by the use of this we are able to prevent
variation of time through change of position.



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WHISKY.

MESSRS. KINAHAN & CO., Ltd., have been honoured with the Royal Warrant as Purveyors of Irish Whisky to HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., ordered Kinahan's Whisky in preference to all other Irish Whiskies for the Imperial Tour on board the "OPHIR."

MESSRS. KINAHAN & CO., Ltd., also had the honour of supplying the only Irish Whisky to her late MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA during her ever-memorable visit to Ireland in 1900.

These facts speak volumes in favour of the quality, maturity, flavour and excellence of

KINAHAN'S WHISKY.

To be obtained of all Wine and Spirit Merchants, Grocers, Stores, &c.



Disegnato G. G. G. - Inciso G. G. G.

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Lady Smith.

Tra Pensier vaghi, e paurosa Speme,
L'intenerito Cuor or gode or treme.

VINCENZO da FILICAJA.



A FRIEND FOR FAIR FORMS AND FACES.

LADIES like it because
it floats.

LADIES are pleased
with its dainty appearance.

SWAN WHITE
FLOATING
DAINTY, PURE,
FRAGRANT. **SOAP.**

SWAN White Floating SOAP is manufactured from the purest and sweetest of edible oils and fats, and is expressly made for washing dainty fabric, for the toilet, and the bath.

A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.

Manufactured by LEVER BROTHERS, Limited, Port Sunlight, Cheshire.

LADIES are charmed
with its fragrant aroma.

LADIES are delighted
with its exquisite purity.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

FEBRUARY'S rainfall was only 0.90 of an inch, and as January did not complete an inch either, the total fall at most stations for the first two months of the year stands at from 1.2-3 to 1.3-4 inches, against a mean of not less than 3.5 inches. The effect of a drought in January and February is, of course, much less than that of a want of moisture in April and May, but it stands to reason that effect there must be, and it is not unlikely that the subsequent growth of plant life in 1902 may discover weaknesses traceable to the want of sufficient hydrogen and oxygen to roots, bulbs and soil growths generally. The mild air at the end of February and beginning of March was very favourable to shrubs, which have come on fast in leaf-bud. Crocuses are well up, and nature is making a good start after the winter sleep. The cheapness of good hyacinths and daffodils in pots is quite remarkable. Pots containing two hyacinth bulbs in perfect flower, or containing four bulbs of the common daffodil well out, are on sale for sixpence.

ARGENTINA AGRICULTURE

The unfortunate dispute between La Plata and the United Kingdom is over, but it reveals the difference between law within a nation and that between nations. Some few years ago the British Minister of Agriculture had to prohibit cattle imports from La Plata owing to the prevalence of infectious disease. The measure was taken with reluctance and on a pressure from scientific experts,

But La Plata was indignant, and replied by prohibiting British cattle—bought not for food from cheap herds, but for breeding from the best English farms—from entering Argentina. The two embargoes have now been removed, and large shipments of pedigree stock to La Plata are likely to mark the next few months. The dairy interest in especial is greatly on the increase all along the Paraná and Bahía Blanca rivers, and orders for pedigree stock of the best milking breeds are being received in Denmark and Holland as well as in England. Argentina is known to be developing a great export trade in butter, and is already a good shipper. To England nothing very much has yet been shipped, but the trade is growing, and in a year or so may menace our own dairy farming.

GRANDMOTHERLY LEGISLATION

The agricultural interest is being much worried by a new species of Government inspector. As the genus was already quite numerous enough for the average farmer's patience it is to be regretted that farms are now invaded by gentlemen who are concerned to see that sheep dips, weed killers, insecticides, and many ordinary sanitary appliances for the farm are not poisonous to humanity. The worthy men—"grandmothers in men's clothing" we heard one farmer call them—are very anxious lest the shepherd whose Chloe has failed to appreciate her Corydon should drink the sheep dip, lest gardener Adam, slighted by dairymaid Eve, should replace his customary "half and half" by a potion of weed killer. Meanwhile London cabmen may drink oxalic acid in their gin, and the Government goes on just as if nothing had happened. The truth, of course, is that people bent on suicide will find a way, and no Government, no

inspectors, can hope to prevent it. To worry the farmer is sheer muddle as well as meddle.

FOOD FOR ANIMALS IN WINTER

The dearness of oats has led to a large use of crushed round maize, and also of crushed Russian barley. The use of feed millet from Roumania has been tried, and it seems to succeed better than had been expected. Feeding flour from the United States in request, and at 6d. per ton is not at all dear. It is extremely good and sustaining feed. The dearness of millers' offals has been against pig-breeders. There are good supplies of roots, and potatoes are also in abundant offer. The latter make a useful mash for animals. Minor articles receiving attention are dari, dholl, mutter and other forms of small pulse from Asia.

HYBRIDS

Two long-cherished delusions have been recently dissolved. The first is that of a cross between the hare and the rabbit. The anatomy of the so-called crosses has shown that there is nothing of the hare about them, the animals being simply fine and large specimens of the rabbit. They are not infertile as are hybrids, but will breed with the common rabbit, and they will not breed with the hare. The other delusion is American, and relates to an animal called the cuino, which ingenious showmen have stated to be a cross between a pig and a sheep. Dr. Marshall, of Charlemont, in Virginia, gave the rumour substance by a professional endorsement and the *honest* of one believer was vouched for by his sending a skull of a cuino to England. It has now been examined and found to be that of a pig. There is no cross with the sheep.

Bread and Pastry for Dyspeptics.

People with poor digestions who cannot eat home-made bread and pastry should try these things made with

Brown & Polson's Raising Powder. "Paisley Flour" TRADE MARK

It takes the place of yeast and baking powder, and makes well-raised little loaves and delicious light pastry, which can be eaten with benefit by those of poor digestion. It is always sure in action, and successful, even in the hands of an indifferent cook.

TRY IT NOW.



2 or 3 of these Tablets will prevent any painful distension or feeling of oppression after meals, and

Prevent Indigestion.

LACTOPEPTINE



Unlike any other remedy you have tried.

Other remedies have failed to relieve you because they do not act on the food, but only goad the stomach, just as spurs goad a horse, but the result in the end is that the stomach is weakened and lacerated.

You avoid this danger entirely by using Lactopeptine, because

Lactopeptine acts on the Food.

Positively, Lactopeptine will not injure the most delicate stomach.

We are prepared to prove this.

WE OFFER YOU (free and securely sealed) a book containing a selection of authentic cases in medical practice described by the medical men in charge of the cases. We know that we can place in your hands a reliable and simple remedy, and beg this opportunity to furnish proof. Send us a post card to-day. Address: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

LACTOPEPTINE is one of the Certainties in Medicine. Not a secret remedy, formula on every bottle. It cannot disappoint you. [If preferred in powdered form, a dose measure accompanies every bottle.]

LACTOPEPTINE contains (1) ptyalin, which acts upon the starchy matters contained in food; (2) pepsin, which dissolves flesh matters; (3) pancreatin, for dissolving such things as pastry and butter.

Of all chemists in the United Kingdom, at the principal pharmacies in Europe, throughout the Colonies, India, China, Japan, South America, and Mexico, Lactopeptine is obtainable in 1-oz. bottles at 4s. 6d., in ½-oz. bottles at 2s. 9d. Do not ask for digestion tablets, but order Lactopeptine Powder or Tablets. Laboratory, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

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ADVICE

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Famous for its rich creamy, never drying lather

An English Barrister writes:

"For 25 years I have shaved, and for 24 the process has been painful and irksome. A year ago I tried—for the first time—your Shaving Soap, and in future nothing else will ever lather my face. Previous to last winter my face had always been rough and irritated, but the past winter—thanks to your Soap—it has been perfectly soft and smooth and I have had no difficulty in shaving. I have saved half the time and my razors have kept in better order than ever before."

Williams' Shaving Stick is sold about everywhere, but sent postpaid for 1s. if your dealer does not supply you (Trial Size) by mail for 4d. in stamps

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THE WAR.

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Books of Reference

"JOHN WISDEN'S Cricketers' Almanack for 1902" (the thirty-ninth annual edition), published by John Wisden and Co., has long had the reputation of being the best annual of the game. It contains the full scores and bowling analyses of the chief matches played last season, and devotes considerable space also to public school matches. The book, which is edited by Sydney H. Pardon, contains articles on "Legbreak Bowling," by Mr. D. L. A. Jephson, and on "Public School Cricket," by Mr. W. J. Ford. Portraits of "Five Cricketers of the Year" are given, the five being F. Mitchell, C. McGahey, J. T. Tyldesley, L. Braund, and W. G. Quaife, of each of whom a biographical notice is added. The chapter on "Cricket Records" will be found very interesting. —"Clubs" (Spottiswoode and Co.), by E. C. Austen Leigh, contains particulars of 2,750 clubs frequented by the English in all parts of the world, among which are over 800 golf clubs. This is the tenth year that this useful little book

has been published — sure proof of its value. —"The Agricultural Annual and *Mark Lane Express Almanac*" (*Mark Lane Express*) contains about a dozen photographs of prize-winners at Smithfield and various stock shows, several other illustrations, and a large number of articles by experts. The book, which consists of 250 pages full of useful matter to the farmer and agriculturist, is sold at the very moderate price of 6d. —"The Farm and Trade Year Book" (W. Robinson), edited by D. Edwyn Thomas, is a new annual meant primarily for the farmer. It tells the reader how to treat horses and stock for various diseases, discusses insect pests, gives a list of poisonous plants, has useful hints on vegetable-growing and the management of a garden, and a mass of other useful information. The book will, no doubt, be thoroughly appreciated in the country. —"The "Agricultural Handbook and Diary" (Vinton and Co., Ltd.), which is now issued for the third time, contains well-written articles on subjects which are of current interest. The "Pure Beer Question" is here ably dealt with from both points of view by Mr. G. Aldous, who writes from

the brewers' standpoint, and by Sir Cuthbert Quilter, who has long championed the interests of the barley-growers. Earl Grey writes on the question of "Public-House Trusts." The present issue also contains other articles by experts, and some good maps of the world, coloured according to the amount of produce the different countries export to this country. —"Every Man's Own Lawyer" (Crosby, Lockwood and Son) has now reached its 39th edition. The new volume is larger by forty pages than its predecessor, and contains the legislation of 1901, among the chief new Acts of Parliament noted being the Youthful Offenders Act, 1901, the Larceny Act, 1901, the Intoxicating Liquors (Sale to Children) Act, 1901, and the Factory and Workshop Act, 1901. —Another book published by the Homeland Association is "A Glimpse of Cranbrook," being Vol. XIX. of the Homeland Guide Books. The volume, which is a second edition, is by W. Stanley Martin. Like others of the series, it is written in an interesting fashion, and the author's work is greatly helped by some illustrations.

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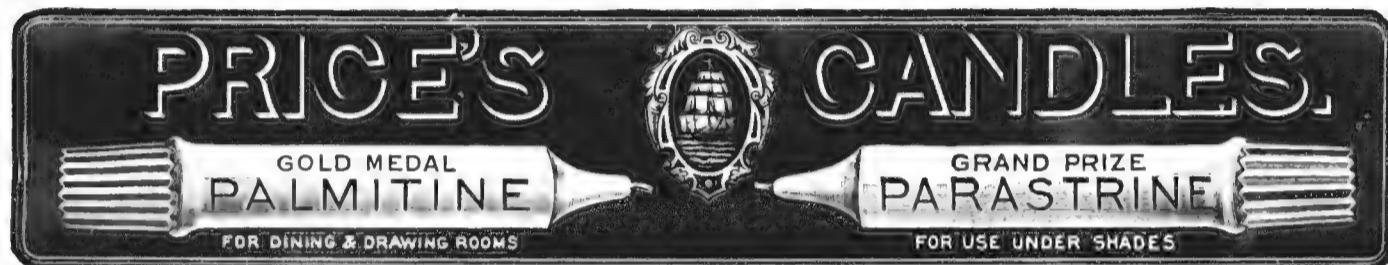
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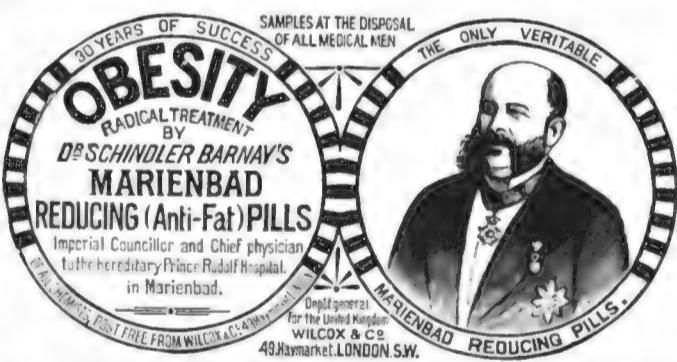
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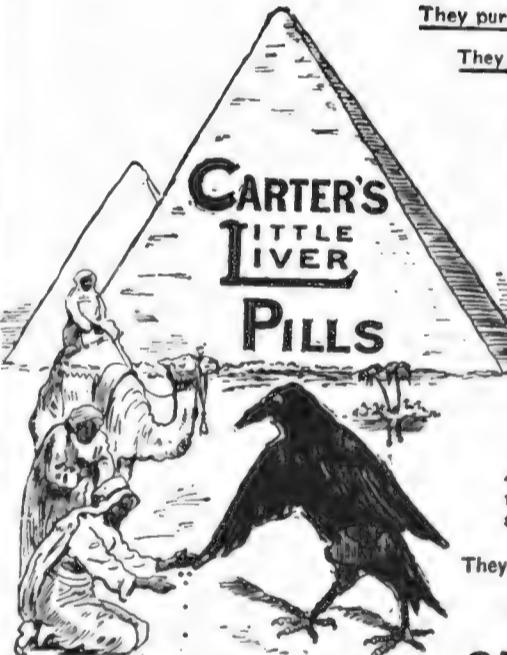
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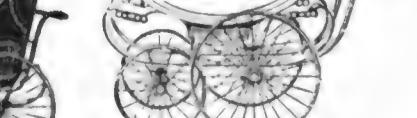
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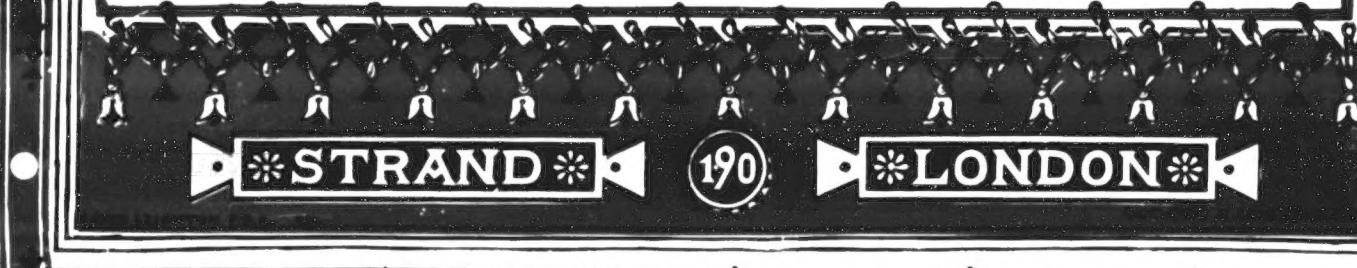
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